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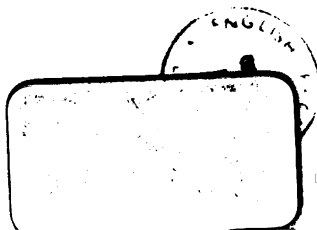
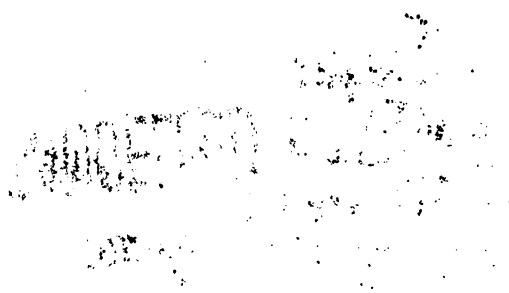
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THE DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY
DERWENT COLERIDGE.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
1857.



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BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

THE dramatic works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, including the translation of the "Wallenstein," are now for the first time presented to the public as a separate whole, forming a companion-volume to the new edition of the Poems, which has just appeared.

Of the two original dramas, "Remorse" and "Zapolya," the former, as already stated in the Preface to that collection, which was intended by the lamented authoress as a general introduction to the Poetical Works, was first cast at Nether Stowey, in the year 1797, the author being then in his twenty-fifth year, in the spring-tide of his creative faculty, if not in the maturity of his judgment. It was written expressly for the stage, at the instigation, and with the encouragement of Mr. Sheridan, by whom, however, it was not deemed suitable for that purpose. Ultimately it was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1813, under the auspices of Lord Byron and Mr. Whitbread, when it ran twenty nights,—such welcome was given to the aspirant,

Who first essayed in that distinguished fane
Severer muses and a tragic strain.*

* The concluding lines of the Prologue to "Remorse" by Charles Lamb.

Probably it had been remodelled to some extent with a view to stage effect; but as, with one exception, it has not been reproduced in London, it may still, perhaps, be found imperfectly adapted for the purposes of the theatre. To the reader the question is of little moment. As a dramatic poem,—indeed, as a drama, in the strictest sense of the term, though more adapted for mental representation than for a visible stage,—the “Remorse” has long taken a place in the standard literature of the country. One beautiful scene from the first draught of the play, “The Dungeon,” or as it is now entitled, “The Foster Mother’s Tale,” was published in Wordsworth’s *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, and has since been printed with the author’s *Poems*.* Another fragment is given in a note to the present drama. Both appear more or less necessary for the perfect understanding of the plot. If there were many such curtailments, or if for the sake of a more rapid action the reflective character of the piece were in any degree sacrificed, it might almost be regretted that the rejected “Osorio,” for such was the original title, had not been preserved as it came from the author’s pen.

The history of *Zapolya*, which was published in 1817, is somewhat similar. As an acting drama, it had been pronounced “beautiful but impracticable,” a criticism to which nothing needs to be added. Eventually it was presented to the reader “merely as a Christmas Tale;” and merely as a tale, it must be read with pleasure; yet still more for the poetical

* Page 267 of the new edition.

treatment than for the interest of the story. As a poem it is distinguished by a diffused and tender grace—a mellow tint, as of commencing autumn. For perfection of language and versification, it may be studied as a model.

The translation of "Wallenstein" requires a more particular notice, the high reputation which this extraordinary, and as it has been deemed, unique performance has enjoyed for upwards of half a century, having exposed it to a severity of criticism which, even if it were just, could hardly have been anticipated by the author, and which has certainly been provoked by its merits, rather than by its pretensions. By the author himself this translation, with whatever feelings or motives it may have been undertaken, was viewed in the retrospect as an irksome toil, which had actually paralysed his poetical faculty. That the spell was soon and effectually broken there is good proof in the second part of "Wallenstein," which was composed in the autumn of the year 1800—the same in which both parts of the "Wallenstein," though with an interval, went to press. The translation had been commenced in the close of the year 1799, immediately after his return from Germany, and was finished in six weeks. The date of the MS. by Schiller is September, 1799, and the English version was to be brought out at the same time that the play was published in German. Such was the condition under which the publication was undertaken, which may account for the rapidity with which the translation was dispatched and carried through the press. It was executed, however, as the author observed in a

letter to a friend, in the prime of his life, and in the vigour of his mind.* The intention, doubtless, was to produce a readable drama, reference being had to the existing taste of the English public, as the only way in which the German writer could become favourably known, or indeed known at all, to general readers in this country. A complete revolution has since taken place in this respect, very much, in the first instance, through the influence of Coleridge's writings and conversation, and, indeed, of this very translation. If his admiration of Schiller's dramatic powers, and of this drama in particular, appear somewhat cold and measured, as compared with the tenor of modern criticism, it was then at least as far in advance of the public estimate as it may now seem to fall short of it. It is certain that he considered this great work as unequal in execution—admirable as a whole, and most admirable in particular scenes, yet with a tendency to excess, characteristic of the German writers in general, and an occasional extravagance both of sentiment and expression. He believed that he should give the work a better chance of becoming popular in this country by some slight curtailment. He sought to give movement and variety to the blank verse, which he considered heavy and monotonous.† He renders some of the scenes in prose, after the example of our own elder dramatists, and, as appears to the editor, with excellent effect. In a very few instances he has expanded the original thought; but for this he offers an apology, which has hitherto

* Gillman's "Life of Coleridge," p. 146.
Table Talk, p. 323, third edition.

(with one recent exception, which will be noticed presently) been very cordially accepted. It has even been supposed that Schiller re-translated some of these additions into his own play; but a comparison between the two texts, as they now stand, has led the Editor to an opposite conclusion. The lines, really additional, that is to say, introduced into the text from which the translation was made, are very few. On the whole, it is evident that the task which he proposed to himself was somewhat different from that of a translator dealing with a classic work, of established reputation, the very defects of which, if such there were, he must be content to reproduce.* At any rate, the course actually taken was justified by the result. The translation had indeed little or no sale. It had to wait for, and partly to make, the taste by which it should be appreciated; but by the few who were capable of forming an opinion, a most favourable judgment was pronounced, which in a few years became general. In 1815 the remarkable passage from the scene in the astrological tower,

“For fable is love’s world, his home, his birthplace,”

and the nineteen following lines,† were cited by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of “Guy Mannering,” with a tribute of admiration, which the translation must at least share with the German original,—the passage being quoted for the beauty of the language—“the

* Yet Mickle, through whose English version the “Lusiad” of Camoens became popular in this country, has taken far greater liberties with the Portuguese than Coleridge with the German original.

† Piccolomini, Act ii. Scene 3.

exquisite expression;" and, indeed, the thought is here largely amplified.

In 1823, this translation was reviewed in "Blackwood," the critic summing up his judgment in the following words:—

"Upon the whole there can be no doubt that this trilogy forms, in its original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of the tragic art which the world has witnessed; and none at all, that the execution of the version from which we have quoted so largely, places Mr. Coleridge in the very first rank of poetical translators. It is, perhaps, the solitary example of a man of very great original genius submitting to *all* the labours, and reaping all the honours, of this species of literary exertion." *

In 1825, Mr. Carlisle, in his life of Schiller, stated that the two last parts of Wallenstein had been faithfully rendered into English by Mr. Coleridge; and judging of the translation by "many large specimens," he pronounces it to be, with the exception of Sotheby's "Oberon," the best, indeed the only sufferable translation from the German, with which our literature had then been enriched.

In 1835, Mr. Hayward, the excellent translator of the "Faust," expressed himself still more decidedly. "In Mr. Coleridge's magnificent translation—I had almost said poem—of Wallenstein, many lines are wanting; but the fact is, Mr. Coleridge translated from a MS. copy, and the lines in question were added subsequently." He courteously invites him to "supply these deficiencies—the only deficiencies—in his work;" and refers with especial admiration to "his rich musical

* This passage was prefixed by Mr. Bohn to his edition of this translation which is included in one of the volumes of his "Standard Library."

numbers, which often, it has been truly said, affect the heart and ear like a spell."

In 1846 Wordsworth conveyed his opinion in the following terms to a gentleman who had sought his advice respecting a translation of Tasso:—

"Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein is perhaps the best model translation in the English language. It is, in many places, better than the original. The metre is better."*

That such is still the opinion entertained by students of German literature, competent to adjudicate, or at least, to vote upon the question,—for besides an acquaintance with the original language, some sense of rhythm, some feeling for poetic expression, is requisite,—may be gathered from the current literature of the day. Thus the anonymous author of the "Eclipse of Faith," evidently an accomplished scholar, refers to the opening scene of the fifth act of the "Death of Wallenstein" in Coleridge's translation, as preferable "even to the magnificent original."†

As above intimated, this version, though on the whole not merely faithful, but literal to an extraordinary degree, considering the idiomatic flow of the language and the harmony of the versification, varies in some remarkable particulars from the original. The "Camp of Wallenstein" is not translated, for reasons given in the Author's preface. This is doubtless to be

* Copied from a MS. journal by Capt. Robertson.

† "After a pause, an expression of deepest sadness crept over the features, and he murmured, with a slight alteration, two lines from Coleridge's translation of that glorious scene in which Wallenstein looks forth into the windy night in search of his 'star,' and thinks of that brighter light of his life which had been just extinguished. Harrington used to say that he preferred the translation of that scene even to the magnificent original itself."—*The Eclipse of Faith*, p. 418.

regretted. The two latter plays are differently divided ; the first two acts of the "Death of Wallenstein" being subjoined to the "Piccolomini," without any intimation of the change on the part of the translator, who shows himself elsewhere scrupulous in noticing the alterations for which he is himself accountable. About 250 lines are omitted, and there are some additions and substitutions. The precise extent to which these variations are imputable to the translator cannot now be determined. It is admitted that in some cases they are intentional ; but it is no less certain that the translation was not made from the printed text, as it now stands. This fact (which has recently been questioned) does not rest on the current tradition merely, nor even upon internal evidence, though it would be difficult to account for some of the omissions, or for many of the substitutions, on any other supposition. In the sixth scene of the fourth act of the "Piccolomini" (the first of the "Death of Wallenstein," in the present German), are several passages quoted with infinite scorn by a reviewer, some two years ago, in the "Westminster Review," as "introduced by Coleridge." Had this indignant censor looked into the *first* edition, he would have seen a fragment of the original German quoted in a footnote ! "Not harmonise with Schiller's genius ?" "Not of German make ?" It is impossible for critics to be too cautious when there is any likelihood that their decisions may be tested by matter of fact. But in truth, if internal evidence may in anything be trusted, it might have been pronounced with an approach to moral certainty, that these lines could

not have been added by any translator whatever; and the same may be said of the other "gratuitous additions" marked for reprobation by the same writer.*

That there are in this translation a certain number of errors—slips of the pen of the most obvious kind—is unquestionable. The wonder is, that in so hasty a performance, the number is so small. And although, as regards the total effect of the work, they are of next to no importance to the English reader, it is well that they should be pointed out. A list of them, taken from the above article, is given at the end of this volume; and the Editor can truly say that he would have been well pleased if he could have made his acknowledgment for the service thus rendered without reserve or qualification.

* Of the critic's own taste and judgment, the following may be taken as a specimen:—

"Again,

The ramparts all around with multitudes,
With peaceful multitudes are thronged, that fill
The air with their rejoicings."

(Such is *his* translation of the lines—

Von Menschen sind die Wälle rings erfüllt
Von Friedlichen die in die Lüfte grüßen.

Literally—

With people are the ramparts round quite filled,
With peaceful ones, who greet into the breezes.)

"The following is Coleridge's construction of this passage—

The ramparts are all filled with men and women —
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.

"Making the air 'breezy with affectionate gestures' is what we are quite at a loss to understand. Perhaps it means 'raising the wind.'"

De gustibus non est disputandum. The Editor had marked this passage as strikingly beautiful in itself, whatever might be its merits as a translation. But which of the two renderings, neither being literal, is the most faithful? Is it better to evade the meaning, or to expand it?

It is only necessary to add that the four plays have been reprinted from the first editions, with the original stage-directions and notes, the omission of which in later editions has led to some misapprehension, and can in no respect be regarded as an improvement.

DERWENT COLERIDGE.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

July, 1852.

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REMORSE.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

B

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, *father to the two brothers, and
Doña Teresa's guardian.*

DON ALVAR, *the eldest son.*

DON ORDONIO, *the youngest son.*

MONVIEDRO, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*

ZULIMEZ, *the faithful attendant on Alvar.*

ISIDORE, *a Moresco chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.*

Familiars of the Inquisition.

NAOMI.

Moors, Servants, &c.

DOÑA TERESA, *an orphan heiress.*

ALHADRA, *wife of Isidore.*

TIME—The Reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

REMORSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-shore on the Coast of Granada.*—DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a boat cloak, and ZULIMEZ (a Moresco), both as just landed.*

Zul. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

Alv. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmixed feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth place.
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!

Zul. Then claim your rights in it! O, revered
Don Alvar,

Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!

Alv. Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
Ordonio's brother.

Zul. Nobly minded Alvar!
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

Alv. The more behoves it, I should rouse within him
Remorse! that I should save him from himself.

Zul. Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison.

Alv. And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee,
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—

Zul. You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you: if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—

Alv. My long captivity
Left me no choice: the very wish too languished
With the fond hope that nursed it; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood:
In the first pangs of his awakened conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—

Zul. Heavy presumption!

Alv. It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell
thee all;

As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—

Zul. That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows?—

Alv. There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.

[There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision! *[Then with agitation.*

Had'st thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st
tell me,

Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
She must be innocent!

Zul. [*with a sigh.*] Proceed, my lord!

Alv. A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me,
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

Zul. A damning proof!

Alv. My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That voice, which quelled me, calmed me: and I sought

The Belgic states : there joined the better cause ;
And there too fought as one that courted death !
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance : a long imprisonment followed.

The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy ;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed ; and still Teresa,
Night after night, she visited my sleep ;
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me !
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless !
Hear then my fixed resolve : I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes ?—

Zul. All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

Alv. Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

Zul. Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

Alv. Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—wife !
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour ; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

Zul. Will they not know you ?

Alv. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise ; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth ;—since last we saw each other,

Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognise.

Zul. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I'll seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpujarras—there where Zagri lived.

Alv. I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains—
[*Both stand listening.*
Voices at a distance!

Let us away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-shore, but within view of the Castle.*

Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.

Ter. I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

Val. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

Ter. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord
Valdez;

But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

Val. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your
loves,

And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother, with a mute entreaty,

Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah! not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
(The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

Ter. There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them;
*(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who dressed her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the selfsame tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave, and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,

* [Here Valdez bends back and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner, apologises for her fancy, by the little tale in the parenthesis.]

And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from my arms?

Oh what a thought! *[Clasping her forehead.]*

Val. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty
thought.

The very week he promised his return——

Ter. *[abruptly.]* Was it not then a busy joy? to see
him,

After those three years' travels! we had no fears—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

Val. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
Hectic and unrefreshed with rest——

Ter. *[with great tenderness.]* My father!

Val. The sober truth is all too much for me!
I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

Ter. Oh no! he did not!

Val. Captured in sight of land!
From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen——

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Val. Alas! how aptly thou forget'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes:

Gallant Ordonio! [*pauses, then tenderly.*] O beloved
Teresa,
Wouldst thou best prove thy faith to generous
Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

Ter. For mercy's sake
Press me no more! I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night:
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

Val. You wrong him, maiden!
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roamed the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to
tears.

Ter. O pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——

Val. [*looking forward.*] Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

Ter. The inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.

Mon. [*having first made his obeisance to VALDEZ and TERESA.*] Peace and the truth be with you! Good my lord,
My present need is with your son.
[*Looking forward.*] We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

Ord. Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

Mon. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessened by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——

Ord. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.
[*Then to ALHADRA.*] I would that I could serve you;
but in truth
Your face is new to me.

Mon. My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable that Don Ordonio,

That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
 Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors
 Should prove the patron of this infidel!
 The warranter of a Moresco's faith!
 Now I return.

Alh. My lord, my husband's name
 Is Isidore. [*ORDONIO starts.*]—You may remember it:
 Three years ago, three years this very week,
 You left him at Almeria.

Mon. Palpably false!
 This very week, three years ago, my lord,
 (You needs must recollect it by your wound)
 You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
 The *murderers* doubtless of your brother Alvar!—

[*TERESA looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and horror.*
ORDONIO's appearance to be collected from what follows.

[*To VALDEZ and pointing at ORDONIO.*] What, is he
 ill, my lord? how strange he looks!

Val. [*angrily.*] You pressed upon him too abruptly,
 father,

The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

Ord. [*starting as in sudden agitation.*] O heavens!

I?—I doted?—

[*Then recovering himself.*

Yes! I doted on him.

[*ORDONIO walks to the end of the stage; VALDEZ follows, soothing him.*

Ter. [*her eye following ORDONIO.*] I do not, can not,
 love him. Is my heart hard?

Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
 Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!

Mon. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
 I will return. In very truth, I grieve
 To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

Alh. [*to TERESA.*] O gentle lady! make the father stay

Until my lord recover. I am sure
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

Ter. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover.

Ord. [*as they return, to VALDEZ.*] Strange, that this
Monviedro

Should have the power so to distemper me!

Val. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

Mon. My lord, I truly grieve——

Ord. Tut! name it not.

A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.

As to this woman's husband, I do know him.

I know him well, and that he is a Christian.

Mon. I hope, my lord, your merely human pity
Doth not prevail——

Ord. 'Tis certain that he was a catholic;
What changes may have happened in three years,
I cannot say; but grant me this, good father:
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.

Mon. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorise an ampler trust—you have it.

Ord. I will attend you home within an hour.

Val. Meantime return with us, and take refreshment.

Alh. Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.

Ter. [*aside.*] Who is this Isidore?

Val. Daughter!

Ter. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.

[*Exeunt VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO, and ORDONIO.*]

Alh. Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with
him,
A scathing curse!

[Then as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look.]

You hate him, don't you, lady?

Ter. [*perceiving that ALHADRA is conscious she has spoken imprudently.*] Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you.

Alh. These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it——

Ter. Be more calm, I pray you.

Alh. And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurled him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet!

Ter. Hush! hush, for shame!
Where is your woman's heart?

Alh. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange! Besides, [*ironically.*] I am a
Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith!

Ter. Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!

Alh. I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

Ter. What might your crime be?

Alh. I was a Moresco!
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house;
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,

It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering sun
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers,
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain,
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

Ter. O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

Alh. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.

Ter. You were at length released?

Alh. Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, lady,
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!

Ter. But your husband—

Alh. A month's imprisonment would kill him, lady.

Ter. Alas, poor man!

Alh. He hath a lion's courage,

Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance ;
 Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
 He worships nature in the hill and valley,
 Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.

Ter. Know you that stately Moor ?

Alh. I know him not :
 But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
 Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.

Ter. The Alpujarras ? Does he know his danger,
 So near this seat ?

Alh. He wears the Moorish robes too,
 As in defiance of the royal edict.

[ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the stage, near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.]

Gallant Moresco ! An inquisitor,
 Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

Alv. [interrupting her.] You have mistaken me. I
 am a Christian.

Alh. He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him :
 Speak to him, lady—none can hear you speak,
 And not believe you innocent of guile.

Ter. If aught enforce you to concealment, sir—

Alh. He trembles strangely.

[ALVAR sinks down, and hides his face in his robe.]

Ter. See, we have disturbed him.
[Approaches nearer to him.]

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
 For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows healing.
 I pray you think us friends !

Alv. [raising his head.] Calm, very calm !

'Tis all too tranquil for reality !

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
 That voice, that innocent voice ! She is no traitress !

Ter. [*haughtily to ALHADRA.*] Let us retire.

[*They advance to the front of the stage.*]

Alh. [*with scorn.*] He is indeed a Christian.

Alv. [*aside.*] She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!

Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?

[*To TERESA.*] Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:

I had just started from a frightful dream.

Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet 'tis said, They prophesy—

Alv. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever frowning Present is its image.

Ter. Traitress!

[*Then aside.*] What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?

[*TERESA looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as ALVAR proceeds in the next speech.*]

Alv. I dreamed I had a friend, on whom I leaned
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:
For mine own self seemed nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolised, that trusted friend
Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But by my looks, and most impassioned words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

Alh. You are lost in thought: hear him no more,
sweet lady!

Ter. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,

o

And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
Well, sir, what happened then?

Alv. On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I staid, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seemed unreal! there I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one
havock.

The second flash of lightning showed a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite!

Ter. [*shuddering.*] A fearful curse!

Alh. [*fiercely.*] But dreamed you not that you
returned and killed them?

Dreamed you of no revenge?

Alv. [*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress.*]

She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:
For still I loved her!

Alh. And you dreamed all this?

Ter. My soul is full of visions all as wild!

Alh. There is no room in this heart for puling love tales.

Ter. [*lifts up her veil, and advances to ALVAR.*]

Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplexed me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt TERESA and ALHADRA.*]

Alv. [*alone.*] 'Tis strange! It cannot be! my Lord Ordonio!

Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!
How sad she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retained his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour;
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it him,
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? all else, I know, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!

And she referred to me—fondly, methought!
 Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
 Here, where we played together in our childhood?
 Here, where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
 Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings
 She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
 'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
 That I shall meet her where no evil is,
 No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
 I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
 Her husband—aye her husband! May this angel
 New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven,
 That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wild and mountainous Country.*—ORDONIO and
 ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from
 ISIDORE's house.

Ord. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
 Yet we secured from listeners.

Isid. Now indeed
 My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
 Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
 That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
 Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
 You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide:
 When for my follies I was made to wander,
 With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:
 Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
 Had been my bed and pillow.

Ord. Good Isidore!
 Why this to me! It is enough, you know it.

Isid. A common trick of gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart——

Ord. Enough!

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.

You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

Isid. And how, my lord? I pray you to name the thing.
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied!

Ord. [*with embarrassment and hesitation.*] Why—
that—lady——

Isid. 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw
you :

Have you a son, my lord?

Ord. O miserable—— [*Aside.*

Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.

I told you what I wished—now for the truth—
She loved the man you killed.

Isid. [*looking as suddenly alarmed.*] You jest, my
lord?

Ord. And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

Isid. You sport with me, my lord?

Ord. Come, come! this foolery
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

Isid. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

Ord. Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics——

Isid. I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

Ord. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true;
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense;
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye:

And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
With a strange music, that she knows not of—
With fumes of frankincense, and mummary,
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

Isid. Will that be a sure sign?

Ord. Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favoured lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)
She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck
She made him promise silence; and now holds
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

Isid. But now I should have cursed the man who
told me

You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
But this I can not do.

Ord. Where lies your scruple?

Isid. [*with stammering.*] Why—why, my lord!

You know you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness;
That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being native to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

Ord. [*aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks
in the third person.*] This fellow is a man—he killed
for hire

One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples !
[*Then turning to ISIDORE.*] These doubts, these fears,
thy whine, thy stammering—
Fish, fool ! thou blund'rest through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villany.

Isid. My lord—my lord,
I can bear much—yes, very much from you !
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness :
I am no villain—never killed for hire—
My gratitude—

Ord. O aye—your gratitude !
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done
with it ?

Isid. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—

Ord. [*with bitter scorn.*] Virtue—

Isid. Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.
I knew not 'twas your brother !

Ord. [*alarmed.*] And who told you ?

Isid. He himself told me.

Ord. Ha ! you talked with him !
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you ?

Isid. Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.

Ord. [*in a low voice.*] My brother—

Isid. Yes, my lord, I could not tell you !
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen—

Ord. Villain ! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

Isid. My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.

Ord. [*turning off from ISIDORE.*] Am not I a man !
'Tis as it should be ! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler !

Isid. We met him in the very place you mentioned.
Hard by a grove of firs—

Ord. Enough—enough—

Isid. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compelled a parley.

Ord. [*sighing, as if lost in thought.*] Alvar! brother!

Isid. He offered me his purse—

Ord. [*with eager suspicion.*] Yes?

Isid. [*indignantly.*] Yes—I spurned it.—

He promised us I know not what—in vain!

Then with a look and voice that overawed me,

He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear

I have a brother and a promised wife,

Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,

That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.

There was a likeness in his face to yours;

I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,

Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.

At length I said (if that indeed I said it,

And that no spirit made my tongue its organ,)

That woman is dishonoured by that brother,

And he the man who sent us to destroy you.

He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,

He wore her portrait round his neck. He looked

As he had been made of the rock that propt his
back—

Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!

At length recovering from his trance, he threw

His sword away, and bade us take his life,

It was not worth his keeping.

Ord. And you killed him?

Oh blood hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was his Maker's image undefaced? [*A pause.*]

It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!

What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't
save thee! [*A pause.*]

Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

Isid. [*aside.*] Were he alive he had returned ere now.
The consequence the same—dead thro' his plotting!

Ord. O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart! [*A pause.*

What if I went
And lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!

[*A pause.*

What have I done but that which nature destined,
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?
And if not meant—

Isid. You are disturbed, my lord!

Ord. [*starts, looks at him wildly; then, after a pause,
during which his features are forced into a smile.*] A
gust of the soul! i'faith it overset me.

O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!

Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

Isid. [*in a low voice.*] I'll perish first!

Ord. What dost thou mutter of?

Isid. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

Ord. There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll
mask you.

Isid. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I
watched

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild
flowers.

I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—

Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

Ord. Doubtless you questioned him ?

Isid. 'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo ! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk every where, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor ; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself ;
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was questioned,
And in your name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answered, " Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again ! "

Ord. A strange reply !

Isid. Ay, all of him is strange.
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

Ord. Where does this wizard live ?

Isid. [*pointing to the distance.*] You see that
brooklet ?

Trace its course backward : thro' a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.

Ord. How shall I know it ?

Isid. You cannot err. It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake ;
And there, a curious sight ! you see its shadow

For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

Ord. [*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to ISIDORE.*] Ha!—Who lurks there? Have we been overheard?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock
glitters——

Isid. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each
the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

Ord. 'Tis well! and now for this same wizard's
lair.

Isid. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

Ord. I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt ORDONIO and ISIDORE.*]

SCENE II. — *The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. — Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ and ALHADRA, as on the point of leaving.*

Alh. [*addressing ALVAR.*] Farewell then! and though
many thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

Alv. Nobly minded woman !
 Long time against oppression have I fought,
 And for the native liberty of faith
 Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain :
 Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
 The volume of concealment. In the future,
 As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
 The indistinguishable blots and colours
 Of the dim past collect and shape themselves
 Upstarting in their own completed image
 To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,
 And what I sought I found : but ere the spear
 Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
 Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
 To the Avenger I leave vengeance, and depart !

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
 Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :
 For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
 Once more, farewell. [Exit ALHADRA.]

Yes, to the Belgic states
 We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
 Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
 Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
 Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
 Of our past services.

Zul. And all the wealth, power, influence which is
 yours,
 You let a murderer hold ?

Alv. O faithful Zulimez !
 That my return involved Ordonio's death,
 I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
 Yet bearable :—but when I see my father
 Strewing his scant gray hairs, e'en on the ground,

Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
 Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants
 His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish,
 All perish—all; and I (nay bear with me)
 Could not survive the complicated ruin!

Zul. [*much affected.*] Nay now! I have distressed
 you—you well know,
 I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome:
 You are a painter,* one of many fancies!
 You can call up past deeds, and make them live
 On the blank canvas! and each little herb,
 That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
 You have learnt to name——

Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

Alv. What if it were my brother coming onwards?
 I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.

Alv. [*starting.*] It is he!

Ord. [*to himself as he enters.*] If I distinguished
 right her gait and stature,
 It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
 That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
 In the night air, doth not more naturally
 Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror
 Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing ALVAR.*] You know my name, I guess, if
 not my person.

I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

Alv. [*with deep emotion.*] The son of Valdez!

[*ORDONIO walks leisurely round the room, and looks
 attentively at the plants.*]

Zul. [*to ALVAR.*] Why, what ails you now?
 How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

* See Note.

Alv. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

Ord. [*returning and aloud.*] Plucked in the moonlight
from a ruined abbey—

Those only, which the pale rays visited!

O the unintelligible power of weeds,

When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er
them:

Then they work miracles! I warrant you,

There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks

Some serviceable imp.

There's one of you

Hath sent me a strange message.

Alv.

I am he.

Ord. With you, then, I am to speak:

[*Haughtily waving his hand to ZULIMEZ.*

And mark you, alone. [*Exit ZULIMEZ.*

"He that can bring the dead to life again!"—

Such was your message, sir! You are no dullard,

But one that strips the outward rind of things!

Alv. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,
That are all dust and rottenness within.

Would'st thou I should strip such?

Ord.

Thou quibbling fool,

What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journied hither
To sport with thee?

Alv.

O no, my lord! to sport

Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

Ord. [*aside.*] O what a thing is man! the wisest heart

A fool! a fool that laughs at its own folly,

Yet still a fool!

[*Looks round the cottage.*

You are poor!

Alv. What follows thence?

Ord.

That you would fain be richer.

The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me?

You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,

Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty ;
 And for the boon I ask of you but this,
 That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

Alv. [solemnly.] Thou art the son of Valdez ! would
 to Heaven

That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

Ord. The slave begins to soften [*aside*].

You are my friend,

“He that can bring the dead to life again ;”

Nay, no defence to me ! The holy brethren

Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.

[*Then with great bitterness.*] Thou art a man, and as a
 man I'll trust thee !

Alv. [aside.] Alas ! this hollow mirth—Declare your
 business.

Ord. I love a lady, and she would love me

But for an idle and fantastic scruple.

Have you no servants here, no listeners ?

[*ORDONIO steps to the door.*]

Alv. What, faithless too ? False to his angel wife ?

To such a wife ? Well might'st thou look so wan,

Ill-starr'd Teresa !——Wretch ! my softer soul

Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience !

Ord. In truth this lady loved another man,

But he has perished.

Alv. What ! you killed him ? hey ?

Ord. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it !

Insolent slave ! how dar'dst thou—

[*Turns abruptly from ALVAR, and then to himself.*]

Why ! what's this ?

'Twas idiocy ! I'll tie myself to an aspen,

And wear a fool's cap—

Alv. [watching his agitation.] Fare thee well,

Ordonio !

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish. [*ALVAR is retiring.*]

Ord. [*having recovered himself.*] Ho !

[*Calling to ALVAR.*

Alv. Be brief, what wish you ?

Ord. You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself

At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

Alv. I listen to you.

Ord. In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow——

Alv. Nay, speak out ! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain !—Why stand'st thou aghast ?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

Ord. [*hesitating.*] Now, till she knows him dead,
she will not wed me.

Alv. [*with eager vehemence.*] Are you not wedded,
then ? Merciful Heaven !

Not wedded to Teresa ?

Ord. Why, what ails thee ?
What, art thou mad ? why look'st thou upward so ?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air ?

Alv. [*recollecting himself.*] Proceed, I shall be silent.
[*ALVAR sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.*

Ord. To Teresa ?
Politie wizard ! ere you sent that message,
You had conned your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah ! you prophesied
A golden crop ! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

Alv. [*lifting up his head.*] Well ! and this lady !

Ord. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.

Alv. [*sighing.*] Yes ! he did so !

Ord. Why no: he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.

Alv. What! he was your friend then!

Ord. [*wounded and embarrassed.*] I was *his* friend.—

a b. d
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Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence,
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is passed, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?

Alv. [*after a pause.*] Ordonio, I will do it.

Ord. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

Alv. I will not fail to meet you.

Ord. Till next we meet, farewell! [*Exit ORDONIO.*]

Alv. [*alone, indignantly flings the purse away, and gazes passionately at the portrait.*] And I did curse thee!
At midnight! on my knees! and I believed
Thee perjured, thee a traitress! Thee dishonoured!
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—

D

1 Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
 Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life!
 This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow
 I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-
 pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
 Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
 Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
 I lisped thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
 I will not now profane thee, holy image,
 To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
 A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
 And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of Armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.—*
 VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

Ord. This was too melancholy, father.

Val.

Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
 Once he was lost; and after weary search
 We found him in an open place in the wood,
 To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
 Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
 Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
 Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw

Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank ;
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

Alv. [aside.] My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA and Attendants.

Ter. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

Ord. Believe you then no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing; and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope,
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
[*To ALVAR.*] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you
here,

On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Ord. [aside.] Ha! he has been tampering with her?

Alv. O high-souled maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name!—

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*]

Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed!

Soul of Alvar!

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;—
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarred,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard;—
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunned,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [Music.
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

[Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.]

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night!
And ye upbuild on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.

*[Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words,
"Hear, sweet spirit."]*

Soul of Alvar!

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!

So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead!

SONG.

BEHIND THE SCENES, ACCOMPANIED BY THE SAME INSTRUMENT
AS BEFORE.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

[A long pause.

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!

Alv. A joy to thee!

What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poinard?
What (if his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love) he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

Val. These are unholy fancies!

Ord. [struggling with his feelings.] Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven!

Alv. [*still to ORDONIO.*] But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang !

Val. Idly prating man !
Thou hast guessed ill : Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !
He is most virtuous.

Alv. [*still to ORDONIO.*] What, if his very virtues
Had pampered his sworn heart and made him proud ?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt ?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning ;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness ?
Young lord ! I tell thee, that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned,
To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites !
Away, away ! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*]

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures !
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers !
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory !—Hark ! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope ! Let us retire.

Alv. [*to TERESA anxiously.*] O full of faith and
guileless love, thy spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt

Surprise the guilty : thou art innocent !

[Exeunt TERESA and Attendants. Music as before.]

The spell is muttered—Come, thou wandering shape,
Who own'st no master in a human eye !
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
If he be dead, O come ! and bring with thee
That which he grasped in death ! But if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[The whole music clashes into a Chorus.]

CHORUS.

Wandering demons hear the spell !
Lest a blacker charm compel—

[The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of ALVAR's assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds, is then hidden by ascending flames.]

Ord. [starting in great agitation.] Duped ! duped !
duped !—the traitor Isidore !

[At this instant the doors are forced open, MONVIEDRO and the Familiars of the Inquisition, Servants, &c., enter and fill the stage.]

Mon. First seize the sorcerer ! suffer him not to
speak !

The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord
Valdez ?

Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

Ord. [recovering himself as from stupor, to Servants.]
Why haste you not ? Off with him to the dungeon !

[All rush out in tumult.]

SCENE II.—*Interior of a Chapel, with painted windows.*

Enter TERESA.

Ter. When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
Pressed heavy on my heart : but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possessed my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

Val. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril !

Ter. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril ?

Val. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted
This was no feat of mortal agency !
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all !
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,
Self-kindled, self-consumed : bright as thy life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,
Alvar ! My son ! my son !—The Inquisitor—

Ter. Torture me not ! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar ?

Val. How often would he plead for these Morescoes !
The brood accurst ! remorseless, coward murderers !

Ter. [*wildly.*] So ? so ?—I comprehend you—he
is——

Val. [*with averted countenance.*] He is no more !

Ter. O sorrow ! that a father's voice should say this,
A father's heart believe it !

Val. A worse sorrow
Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart despairing !

Ter. These rays that slant in through those gorgeous
windows,

From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,
Are they not light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a fancy, many a wishful hope,
Speaks yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!

Val. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.

Ter. I breathed to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswered,
Yet impious sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

Val. O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—

[*Turning off, aloud, but as yet to himself.*] Accursed
assassins!

Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seemed to grasp some relique
More dear than was his life——

Ter. [*with faint shriek.*] O Heavens! my portrait!
And he *did* grasp it in his death pang!

Off, false demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!

[*ORDONIO enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*

Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer!
Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
From wicked thoughts——

[*VALDEZ moves towards the back of the stage to meet
ORDONIO, and during the concluding lines of TERESA's
speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*

~~Is~~ Is Alvar dead? what then?
The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—
 Away! they see me not—Thou seest me, Alvar!
 To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,
 One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—
 There I may sit unmarked—a moment will restore me.
[Retires out of sight.]

Ord. [*as he advances with VALDEZ.*] These are the
 dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,
 That I too had received the wizard's message,
 "He that can bring the dead to life again."
 But now he is satisfied, I planned this scheme
 To work a full conviction on the culprit,
 And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

Val. 'Tis well, my son! but have you yet discovered—
 (Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—
 Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning?
 Then when the wizard fixed his eye on you,
 And you, I know not why, looked pale and trembled—
 Why—why, what ails you now?—

Ord. [*confused.*] Me? what ails me?
 A pricking of the blood—It might have happened
 At any other time.—Why scan you me?

Val. His speech about the corse, and stabs and
 murderers
 Bore reference to the assassins——

Ord. Duped! duped! duped!
 The traitor Isidore! [A pause, then wildly.]
 I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this.

Val. [*confused.*] True—sorcery
 Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
 To the discovery of the murderers.
 I have their statures and their several faces
 So present to me, that but once to meet them
 Would be to recognise.

Ord. Yes! yes! we recognise them.
 I was benumbed, and staggered up and down
 Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
 My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
 As had a snake coiled round them!—Now 'tis sun-
 shine,
 And the blood dances freely through its channels!

[Turns off abruptly; then to himself.]

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore!

[Then mimicing ISIDORE'S manner and voice.]

"A common trick of gratitude, my lord!"
 Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect
 His "own full heart"—'twere good to see its colour.

Val. These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded
 To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
 But that in spite of your own seeming faith
 I held it for some innocent stratagem,
 Which love had prompted, to remove the doubts
 Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

Ord. *[in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself.]*
 Love! love! and then we hate! and what? and
 wherefore?

Hatred and love! fancies opposed by fancies!
 What, if one reptile sting another reptile?
 Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
 Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.
 Are we not all predestined transiency,
 And cold dishonour? Grant it, that this hand
 Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
 Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
 That this must needs bring on the idiocy
 Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!

Val. Wild talk, myson! But thy excess of feeling—

[Averting himself.]

Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain.

Ord. [now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father :
and just after the speech has commenced, TERESA
reappears and advances slowly.] Say, I had laid a body
in the sun !

Well ! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had killed him !

[TERESA starts, and stops listening.]

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
As that one life, which being pushed aside,
Made room for these unnumbered—

Val.

O mere madness !

[TERESA moves hastily forwards, and places herself
directly before ORDONIO.]

Ord. [checking the feeling of surprise, and forcing his
tones into an expression of playful courtesy.] Teresa ?
or the phantom of Teresa ?

Ter. Alas ! the phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her being, her life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound—

[A pause.]

Where—

(Even coward murder grants the dead a grave)

O tell me, Valdez !—answer me, Ordonio !

Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband ?

Ord. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie !
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierced darkness !
For while we live—

An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids !

Over his rocky grave the fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge ! 'Tis well with him.

[Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but returns
as VALDEZ is speaking.]

Ter. [*recoiling, with the expression appropriate to the passion.*] The rock! the fir-grove!

[*To VALDEZ.*] Did'st thou hear him say it?
Hush! I will ask him!

Val. Urge him not—not now
This we beheld. Nor he nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery revealed.
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——

Ord. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle!

Val. [*looking with anxious disquiet at his son, yet attempting to proceed with his description.*]

While his two companions——

Ord. Dead! dead already! what care we for the
dead?

Val. [*to TERESA.*] Pity him! soothe him! disen-
chant his spirit!

These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.

Ord. Is it so?

Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.

[*Then mysteriously.*] Father!
What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,
Though aimed, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet missed its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

Val. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say
rather,
He was their advocate; but you had marched

With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

Ord. Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle lady?

Val. What seek you now?

Ter. A better, surer light
To guide me——

Both Val. and Ord. Whither?

Ter. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.

Val. To find a lover!
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!

Ter. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!

[*Exit, VALDEZ following after her.*]

Ord. This, then, is my reward! and I must love
her?

Scorned! shuddered at! yet love her still? yes! yes!
By the deep feelings of revenge and hate
I will still love her—woo her—win her too! [*A pause.*]
Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poisoned
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts
triumph!

The mine is undermined! blood! blood! blood!
They thirst for thy blood! thy blood, Ordonio!

[*A pause.*]
The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle, and with nets they seek

cf
yet loves

A timid prey : and lo ! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch !

To Isidore I will despatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern ! aye, that cavern !
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return !

[Looks through the side window.]

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone ! All shall be done to-night.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it ; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight.—*
ISIDORE alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.

Isid. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving !
“ His life in danger, no place safe but this !
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.”
And yet—but no ! there can't be such a villain. \ ?
It can not be !

Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in ! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Any thing but this crash of water drops !
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition !
So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

*[He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight :
returns after a minute's elapse in an ecstasy of fear.]*

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!
 I was just in—and those damned fingers of ice
 Which clutched my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it
 moved.

[ISIDORE stands staring at another recess in the cavern.
*In the mean time ORDONIO enters with a torch, and
 halloes to ISIDORE,*

Isid. I swear that I saw something moving there
 The moonshine came and went like a flash of light-
 ning——

I swear I saw it move.

Ord. [*Goes into the recess, then returns, and with
 great scorn.*] A jutting clay stone
 Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:
 And the weed nods and drips.

Isid. [*forcing a laugh faintly.*] A jest to laugh at!
 It was not that which scared me, good my lord.

Ord. What scared you, then?

Isid. You see that little rift?
 But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at ORDONIO's, and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand
 Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
 Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
 As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
 You see that crevice there?
 My torch extinguished by these water drops,
 And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
 I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
 But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
 My body bending forward, yea o'erbalanced
 Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
 Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
 Filling the void so counterfeited substance,
 That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.

Was it my own fear?

Fear too hath its instincts!
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye,)—
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Plucked up and snatched me backward. Merciful
Heaven!

You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!

My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings
through you.

Isid. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

Ord. [*interrupting him.*] Why, Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—
But such a panic—

Isid. When a boy, my lord!
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Pushed in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

Ord. Art thou more coward now?

Isid. Call him that fears his fellow man a coward!)

I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison house for goblins.
Beside, (you'll smile, my lord) but true it is,

My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
 By what had passed between us in the morning.
 O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
 By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
 Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
 But only being afraid—stifled with fear!
 While every goodly or familiar form
 Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
 I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
 And I entreat your lordship to believe me,
 In my last dream——

Ord. Well?

Isid. I was in the act
 Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
 Waked me: she heard my heart beat.

Ord. Strange enough!
 Had you been here before?

Isid. Never, my lord!
 But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
 Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

Ord. [*stands lost in thought, then after a pause.*]

I know not why it should be! yet it is—

Isid. What is, my lord?

Ord. Abhorrent from our nature,
 To kill a man.—

Isid. Except in self defence.

Ord. Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils
 from it—

'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
 Have sterner feelings?

Isid. Something troubles you.
 How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
 By all that makes that life of value to me,
 My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
 Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,

If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
 Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
 No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,
 When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
 Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
 It must be innocent.

[ORDONIO darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells
 what he conceives of his own character and actions,
 speaking of himself in the third person.]

Ord. Thyself be judge.
 One of our family knew this place well.

Isid. Who? when? my lord?

Ord. What boots it, who or when?
 Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.]

He was a man different from other men,
 And he despised them, yet revered himself.

Isid. [aside.] He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking
 of thyself!

I am on my guard however: no surprise.

[Then to ORDONIO:]

What, he was mad?

Ord. All men seemed mad to him!
 Nature had made him for some other planet,
 And pressed his soul into a human shape
 By accident or malice. In this world
 He found no fit companion.

Isid. Of himself he speaks. [aside.]
 Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men are mostly proud.

Ord. He walked alone,
 And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
 Something within would still be shadowing out
 All possibilities; and with these shadows
 His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,

A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest :
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep :
The man who heard him.—

Why didst thou look round ?

Isid. I have a prattler three years old, my lord !
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed !
And what did this man ?

Ord. With this human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done !

[*Then very wildly.*] Why babblest thou of guilt ?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen ?

Isid. I would my lord you were by my fire-
side,

I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.

Ord. Where was I ?

Isid. He of whom you tell the tale—

Ord. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed !
But that same over-ready agent—he—

Isid. Ah ! what of him, my lord ?

Ord. He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatched a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez ? I am proud of the name

Since he dared do it.—

[ORDONIO grasps his sword, and turns off from ISIDORE, then after a pause returns.

Our links burn dimly.

Isid. A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord! Tell what he did.

Ord. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he killed the traitor.

Isid. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie,
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

Ord. Thou wouldst not then have come, if—

Isid. O yes, my lord!
I would have met him armed, and scared the coward.

[ISIDORE throws off his robe; shows himself armed, and draws his sword.

Ord. Now this is excellent and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robbed her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Isid. And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

[They fight, ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his torch, ORDONIO follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO returns alone.

Ord. I have hurled him down the chasm! treason
for treason.

He dreamt of it: henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His dream too is made out—Now for his friend.

[*Exit* ORDONIO.]

SCENE II.*—*The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the iron Gate of a Dungeon visible.*

Ter. Heart-chilling superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the tortures that await him:
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

Val. Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er hadst sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shaped it
When the nurse stilled thy cries with unmeant threats.
Now by my faith, girl! this same wizard haunts thee!

* See Note.

A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
[*With a sneer.*] Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

Ter. [*with solemn indignation.*] The horror of their
ghastly punishments

Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doomed to suffer them. That such things are—

Val. Hush, thoughtless woman!

Ter. Nay, it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.

Val. No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.

Ter. My honoured lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

Val. —We have mourned for Alvar,
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?

Ter. Speak not of him!
That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.

Val. Is this well?

Ter. Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!

His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
 His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips! /
 That spiritual and almost heavenly light
 In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
 Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
 Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
 Whene'er he gladdened, how the gladness spread
 Wide round him! and when oft with swelling
 tears,
 Flashed through by indignation, he bewailed
 The wrongs of Belgium's martyred patriots,
 Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,
 Or gaze upon enamoured!

O my father!

Recall that morning when we knelt together,
 And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,
 Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present
 him,

As at that moment he rose up before thee,
 Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him
 Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!
 Then bid me (Oh thou couldst not), bid me turn
 From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
 To take in exchange that brooding man, who
 never

Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

Val. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle
 An old man's passion! was it not enough,
 That thou hast made my son a restless man,
 Banished his health, and half unhinged his reason;
 But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion!
 And toil to blast his honour? I am old,
 A comfortless old man!

Ter. O grief! to hear
 Hateful entreaties from a voice we love!

Enter a Peasant and presents a letter to VALDEZ.

Val. [reading it.] "He dares not venture hither!"

Why what can this mean?

"Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprisoned—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what can
this be?

Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[Exit VALDEZ.]

Ter. [alone.] The moon is high in heaven, and all is
hushed.

Yet, anxious listener! I have seemed to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at even tide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmured!
O we have listened, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart. *[A pause.]*
And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,

Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery
Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [Exit TERESA.]

SCENE III.—*The Mountains by Moonlight.*—ALHADRA alone
in a Moorish dress.

Alh. Yon hanging woods, that touched by autumn
seem

As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez
This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!

To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and remain silent till the second in command, NAOMI, enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.*]

Nao. Woman! May Alla and the prophet bless thee!
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

Alh. [*raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle.*] Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian
robes!

They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks withered, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

Nao. Where is Isidore?

Alh. [*in a deep low voice.*] This night I went from
forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I returned and found them still asleep,
But he had perished——

All Morescoes. Perished?

Alh. He had perished!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan;
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?

One Moresco. [*to another.*] Did she say his murder?

Nao. Murder? Not murdered?

Alh. Murdered by a Christian!
[They all at once draw their sabres.]

Alh. *[to NAOMI, who advances from the circle.]*
 Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword;
 This is thy chieftain's! *[He steps forward to take it.]*
 Dost thou dare receive it?

For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
 No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
 Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
 Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez!

[A pause.]

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!

Nao. He dies, by Alla!

All. *[kneeling.]* By Alla!

Alh. This night your chieftain armed himself,
 And hurried from me. But I followed him
 At distance, till I saw him enter—there.

Nao. The cavern?

Alh. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
 After a while I saw the son of Valdez
 Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise entered.
 There was another and a longer pause;
 And once, methought I heard the clash of swords!
 And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:
 He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
 And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
 Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

Nao. Thou called'st him?

Alh. I crept into the cavern—
 'Twas dark and very silent.

[Then wildly.] What saidst thou?
 No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore,
 Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
 Belike, I lost all thought and memory
 Of that for which I came! After that pause,

O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-
groan!

Nao. Comfort her, Alla!

Alh. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death-groan!

Nao. Haste! let us onward.

Alh. I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment:
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!

All. Away! away!

[She rushes off, all following her.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon.*—ALVAR (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

Alv. And this place my forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ! Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot !
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks ;—
And this is their best cure ! un comforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity !—
With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,

His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[Retires out of sight.]

Enter TERESA with a taper.

Ter. It has chilled my very life—my own voice
scares me;

Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.

I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds

Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here—

[Looking round.]

O for one human face here—but to see

One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!

It is but my own fear! The life within me,

It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,

Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!

[Shuddering.]

If I faint? If this inhuman den should be

At once my death-bed and my burial vault?

[Faintly screams as ALVAR emerges from the recess.]

Alv. *[rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling.]* O gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!

Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock

Of rapture will blow out this spark of life, *v. weak*

And joy complete what terror has begun.

O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!

Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!

Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

Ter. [*recovering, looks round wildly.*] I heard a voice ;
 out often in my dreams
 I hear that voice ! and wake and try—and try—
 To hear it waking ! but I never could—
 And 'tis so now—even so ! Well ! he is dead—
 Murdered perhaps ! And I am faint, and feel
 As if it were no painful thing to die !

Alv. [*eagerly.*] Believe it not, sweet maid ! Believe
 it not,
 Beloved woman ! 'Twas a low imposture
 Framed by a guilty wretch.

Ter. [*retires from him, and feebly supports herself
 against a pillar of the dungeon.*] Ha ! Who art thou ?

Alv. [*exceedingly affected.*] Suborned by his brother—

Ter. Didst thou murder him ?
 And dost thou now repent ? Poor troubled man,
 I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee !

Alv. Ordonio—he—

Ter. If thou didst murder him—
 His spirit ever at the throne of God
 Asks mercy for thee,—prays for mercy for thee,
 With tears in Heaven !

Alv. Alvar was not murdered.
 Be calm ! be calm, sweet maid !

Ter. [*wildly.*] Nay, nay, but tell me !

[*A pause, then presses her forehead.*

O 'tis lost again !

This dull confused pain—

[*A pause, she gazes at ALVAR.*

Mysterious man !

Methinks I can not fear thee : for thine eye
 Doth swim with love and pity—Well ! Ordonio—
 Oh my foreboding heart ! And he suborned thee,
 And thou didst spare his life ? Blessings shower on
 thee,

As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa !

Alv. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—

Ter. [*advances towards him.*] Ha ! speak on !

Alv. Beloved Teresa !
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here !
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*]

Ter. [*receiving the portrait.*] The same—it is the
same. Ah ! Who art thou ?

Nay, I will call thee, Alvar ! [*She falls on his neck.*]

Alv. O joy unutterable !

But hark ! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love ! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father ;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder !
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

Ter. O my all virtuous love ! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.

Alv. Thou dost not leave me !
But a brief while retire into the darkness :
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee !

Ter. The sound of thy voice shall be my music !

[*Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing ALVAR.*]

Alvar ! my Alvar ! am I sure I hold thee ?

Is it no dream ? thee in my arms, my Alvar ! [*Exit.*]

[*A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and ORDONIO
enters, with a goblet in his hand.*]

Ord. Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,
And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[*Waving his hand to ALVAR.*
The weaker needs must break.

Alv. I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.

Ord. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.
[*ORDONIO proffers the goblet.*

Alv. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
I would remove it with an anxious pity!

Ord. What meanest thou?

Alv. There's poison in the wine.

Ord. Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.

There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!

Alv. Whom dost thou think me?

Ord. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

Alv. I know him not.

And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.

Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?

Isidore? Isidore?

Ord. Good! good! that lie! by heaven it has
restored me.

Now I am thy master! Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.

Alv. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?

[*ALVAR takes the goblet, and throwing it to the ground
with stern contempt.*]

My master!

Ord. Thou mountebank!

Alv. Mountebank and villain!

What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!

What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?

I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!

I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,

And turn it to a motionless distraction!

Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,

Thy faith in universal villany,

Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn

For all thy human brethren—out upon them!

What have they done for thee? have they given thee
peace?

Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?
Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou mayst be saved——

Ord. [*vacantly repeating the words.*] Saved? saved?
Alv. One pang!

Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

Ord. He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! remorse! remorse!
Where gott'st thou that fool's word? Curse on re-
morse!

Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!
Not all the blessings of a host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!

And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

Alv. [*almost overcome by his feelings.*] But Alvar——

Ord. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,
Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out.
Still Alvar!—Alvar—howl it in mine ear!
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain!

Alv. Alas!

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him: Heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him!
O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!

Ord. Spirit of the dead!

Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams!—off—off, fantastic shadow!

Alv. I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!

Ord. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I fear thee, man!

Ter. [*rushing out, and falling on ALVAR'S neck.*]
Ordonio! 'tis thy brother.

[*ORDONIO, with frantic wildness, runs upon ALVAR with his sword. TERESA flings herself on ORDONIO and arrests his arm.*]

Stop, madman, stop!

Alv. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!

Ordonio—brother!

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

Ord. [*drawing back, and gazing at ALVAR with a countenance of at once awe and terror.*]

Touch me not!

Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword; ALVAR and TERESA prevent him.*]

Alv. We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs!

Ter. And you may yet be happy.

Ord. O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!

[*Kneeling.*]

(Forgive me, Alvar!—Curse me with forgiveness!

Alv. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee!

Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

Ter. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

Ord. [*pointing at the vacancy.*] Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it!

Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he!

He comes upon me!

Alv. Heal, O heal him, Heaven!

Ord. Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!

Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?

He would have died to save me, and I killed him—

A husband and a father!—

Ter. Some secret poison

Drinks up his spirits!

Ord. [*fiercely recollecting himself.*] Let the eternal justice

Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—

I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!

And be myself alone my own sore torment!

[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush ALHADRA, and the band of Morescoes.*

Alh. Seize first that man!

[*ALVAR presses onward to defend ORDONIO.*

Ord. Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.

Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!

Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,

I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength

With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

Alh. My husband—

Ord. Yes, I murdered him most foully.

Alv. and Ter. O horrible!

Alh. Why didst thou leave his children?

Demon, thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell

To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
For a deep horror of desolation,
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

[Struggling to suppress her feelings.]

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
I have not seen his blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee
thence!

Ter. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That aged man, his father——

Alh. *[sternly.]* Why had he such a son?

*[Shouts from the distance of "Rescue! Rescue! ALVAR!
ALVAR!" and the voice of VALDEZ heard.]*

Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—

The deed be mine! *[Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.]*

Now take my life!

Ord. *[staggering from the wound.]* Atonement!

Alv. *[while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO.]*

Arm of avenging Heaven,

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—

But go! my word was pledged to thee.

Ord.

Away!

Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—

[Then turning his eyes languidly to ALVAR.]

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!

I stood in silence like a slave before her

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

And satiate this self-accusing heart

With bitterer agonies than death can give.

Forgive me, Alvar!

Oh!—couldst thou forget me! [*Dies.*

[*ALVAR and TERESA bend over the body of ORDONIO.*

— *Alh.* [*to the Moors.*] I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,

That still extremes bring their own cure. That point
In misery, which makes the oppressed man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the oppressor's—Knew I a hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should
fall;

Till desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the spirit of life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer!

[*ALHADRA hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with armed Peasants and Servants, ZULIMEZ and VALDEZ at their head. VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR's arms.*

Alv. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

[*Both kneel to VALDEZ.*

Val. My son! My Alvar! bless, oh bless him,
Heaven!

Ter. Me too, my Father?

Val. Bless, oh, bless my children!

[*Both rise.*

Alv. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,

That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to ; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears !
Still bids, Remember ! and still cries, Too late !
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

NOTES.

Page 29, Scene II., Act II.—“ *You are a painter.*”

The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere fancy portrait ; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of the late Sir George Beaumont.

Zul. [*speaking of Alvar in the third person.*] Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.

He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice ;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courtied by mightiest kings, the famous Titian !
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colours
Changed the blank canvass to a magic mirror,
That made the absent present ; and to shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art :
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But an inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.

The art, he honoured thus, requited him :
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

Alh. And then he framed this picture ? and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman !

Alv. A potent spell, a mighty talisman !
The imperishable memory of the deed,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation !
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them !

Page 54, Scene II., Act IV.

See "The Foster Mother's Tale." A dramatic fragment.
Poems, p. 267.

ZAPOLYA:

A CHRISTMAS TALE. IN TWO PARTS.

Πὰρ κυρὶ χρη τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὄρα.

APUD ATHENÆUM.

PART I.

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED THE "USURPERS
FORTUNE."

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylean Trilogy of the Agamemnon, the Orestes, and the Eumenides. Though a matter of form merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the time of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i.e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it as a Christmas tale.

CHARACTERS.

EMERICK, *Usurping King of Illyria.*

RAAB KIUPRILI, *an Illyrian Chieftain.*

CASIMIR, *Son of Kiuprili.*

CHEF RAGOZZI, *a Military Commander.*

ZAPOLYA, *Queen of Illyria.*

ZAPOLYA.

SCENE I.—*Front of the Palace, with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a Military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHEF RAGOZZI at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.*

C. Rag. My eyes deceive me not, it must be he,
Who but our chief, my more than father, who
But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait?
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.
[Drums beat, &c., the Guard turns out.]

Enter RAAB KIUPRILI.

R. Kiu. [making a signal to stop the drums, &c.]
Silence! enough! This is no time, young
friend!
For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,
Th' air shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,
His loyal fellow-warriors. [Guards retire.]
C. Rag. Pardon my surprise

Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended !

What may these wonders prophesy ?

R. Kiu.

Tell me first,

How fares the king ? His Majesty still lives ?

C. Rag. We know no otherwise ; but Emerick's friends

(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

R. Kiu. Ragozzi ! I have reared thee from a child,
And as a child I have reared thee. Whence this air
Of mystery ? That face was wont to open
Clear as the morning to me, showing all things.
Hide nothing from me.

C. Rag.

O most loved, most honoured,

The mystery, that struggles in my looks,
Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant ; but fear the worst.

And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion : and yet all is silent :

And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears

R. Kiu. [*his hand to his heart.*] I have trembling
proof within, how true thou speakest.

C. Rag. That the Prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders' debts,
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All——

[*Then in a subdued and saddened voice.*

But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

R. Kiu. Ha ! well then, let it come ! Worse scarce
can come.

This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal Andreas calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Robbed of Zapolya's soothing cares, the King

Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

C. Rag. Remember you, my lord! that Hebrew leech,
Whose face so much distempered you?

R. Kiu. Barzoni?
I held him for a spy; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself)
I sent him from the camp.

C. Rag. To him, in chief,
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

R. Kiu. Hide nothing, I conjure you! What of him?

C. Rag. With pomp of words beyond a soldier's
cunning,
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whispers!
Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,
However vain, that soothes him: and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

R. Kiu. The venomous snake! My heel was on its
head,
And (fool!) I did not crush it!

C. Rag. Nay, he fears
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

R. Kiu. Manifest treason! Even this brief delay
Half makes me an accomplice——(If he live,)

[*Is moving toward the Palace.*]

If he but live and know me, all may——

C. Rag. Halt! [*Stops him.*]
On pain of death, my lord! am I commanded
To stop all ingress to the palace.

R. Kiu. Thou!

C. Rag. No place, no name, no rank excepted——

R. Kiu. Thou!

C. Rag. This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili!

I give it as a weapon to thy hands,
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
Useless to thee, 'tis worthless to myself.
Thou art the framer of my nobler being ;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace
Is guarded from within, that each access
Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by ruffians
Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them.
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee !

R. Kiu. My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound ?
Did my King love me ? Did I earn his love ?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace ?
Was I his arm, his thunder-bolt ? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream ?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast ?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful ?

C. Rag. Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.

R. Kiu. Hark, Ragozzi !
Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration :
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me ! They have heard my voice in
flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha ! what is this ?

[*Black flag displayed from the tower of the Palace : a
death-bell tolls, &c.*]

Vengeance of Heaven ! He is dead.

C. Rag. At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I
fear,

That these black death flags are but treason's signals.

R. Kiu. [*looking forwards anxiously.*] A prophecy
too soon fulfilled! See yonder!

O rank and ravenous wolves! the death bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

C. Rag. Precise and faithful in their villainy
Even to the moment, that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.

R. Kiu. Was it over haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense.

C. Rag. Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurped!
Heaven's justice
Bought like themselves!

[*During this conversation Music is heard, first solemn and
funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.*]

Being equal all in crime,
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?

R. Kiu. The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!

[*Musing to himself—then*] Ragozzi, I applaud,
In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.

Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee:
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.
Mine is an easier part—to brave the usurper.

Enter a procession of EMERICK'S Adherents, Nobles, Chieftains, and Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the front of the Stage. KIUPRILI makes the signal for them to stop. The Music ceases.

Leader of the Procession. The Lord Kiuprili!—
Welcome from the camp.

R. Kiu. Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honourable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourned; but chiefly
To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas
And shield the Queen, Zapolya: haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

Leader. Our purpose demands speed. Grace our
procession;
A warrior best will greet a warlike King.

R. Kiu. This patent written by your lawful King,
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

[*Voices of "Live King EMERICK! an EMERICK! an EMERICK!"*]

What means this clamour? Are these madmen's
voices?

Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamise the name of the King's brother
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason? [*Murmurs.*]
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries—"EMERICK! No Baby Prince! No Changelings!"*]

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour!
Was it for this, Illyrians? that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,
Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow warrior?
And have I brought home with me Victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation!

[Murmurs increase, and cries of "Onward! onward!"

Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful King,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

[During the last four lines, enter LORD CASIMIR, with expressions of anger and alarm.

Cas. Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick?

[Starts—then approaching with timid respect.

My father!

R. Kiu. *[turning away.]* Casimir! He, he a traitor!
Too soon, indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it. *[Aside.*

Cas. *[with reverence.]* My father and my lord!

R. Kiu.

I know thee not!

Leader. Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

R. Kiu. A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

Cas. O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The Queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful: and of all our nobles,
The King inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honoured us the most. Your rank, my lord!
Already eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirmed: and me the King's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

R. Kiu. (Bought by a bribe!) I know thee now still
less.

Cas. [*struggling with his passion.*] So much of Raab
Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonoured me.

R. Kiu. The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-
slave,
Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
Schooled to shrill forth his feeder's usurped titles,
And scream, "Long live King Emerick!"

Leaders. Ay, King Emerick!
Stand back, my lord! Lead us, or let us pass.

Soldier. Nay, let the general speak!

Soldiers. Hear him! hear him!

R. Kiu. Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honoured by the King;
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?

Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
 Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
 And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
 A bought, bribed wretch, who, being called my son,
 Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
 Henbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
 The underling accomplice of a robber,
 That from a widow and a widow's offspring
 Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
 And to the common father of his country
 A recreant ingrate!

Cas. Sire! your words grow dangerous.
 High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
 Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
 To guard his country's safety by what means
 It best may be protected—come what will
 Of these monk's morals!

R. Kiu. [aside.] Ha! the elder Brutus
 Made his soul iron, though his sons repented,
 They boasted not their baseness.

[Starts, and draws his sword.]

Infamous changeling;
 Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
 And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;
 Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
 Thou diest——

*[Chiefs, &c. rush to interpose; during the tumult, enter
 EMERICK alarmed.]*

Eme. Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the
 assassin.——

Kiuprili? Ha!——

*[With lowered voice, at the same time with one hand making
 signs to the Guard to retire.]*

Pass on, friends! to the palace.

*[Music recommences.—The Procession passes into the Palace.—
 During which time EMERICK and KIUPRILI regard each
 other steadfastly.]*

Eme. What? Raab Kiuprili? What? a father's sword

Against his own son's breast?

R. Kiu. 'Twould best excuse him,
Were he thy son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

Eme. This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced

A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath called me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

R. Kiu. What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to
bestow them?

Eme. By what right dares Kiuprili question me?

R. Kiu. By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To me a duty! As the realm's co-regent
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
Writ by himself. *[Grasping the Patent.]*

Eme. Ay!—Writ in a delirium!

R. Kiu. I likewise ask, by whose authority
The access to the sovereign was refused me?

Eme. By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?

R. Kiu. A fugitive, who, with victory for his
comrade,

Ban, open-eyed, upon the face of death!

A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements

To be belated in a loyal purpose—

At the command, Prince! of my King and thine,
Hither I came; and now again require

Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost show at large,

On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul

This thy King's last and solemn act—hast dared

Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,

And conscience should have made thee a protector.

Eme. A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning!

Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed thee foremost.

R. Kiu.

Prince! I listen.

Eme. Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

Cas. Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her fraud
detected!

Eme. According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician——

R. Kiu. [*aside.*] Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!

Eme. Under the imminent risk of death she
lies,

Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

Cas. [*to KIUPRILI.*] Trust me, my lord! a woman's
trick has duped you—

Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the States convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.

Eme.

Right, Casimir!

Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honours,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

R. Kiu. Prince Emerick ! you speak fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

Cas. My lord ! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.

The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgency, wooed and won for me.

Eme. Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

R. Kiu. [*sternly.*] The longest line, that ever tracing
herald
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul,
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison :
And with the soul, the conscience is coeval,
Yea, the soul's essence.

Eme. Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage ? That whether infant,
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless ?
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull ?

Cas. What better claim can sovereign wish or need
Than the free voice of men who love their country ?
Those chiefly who have fought for't ? Who by right

Claim for their monarch one, who, having obeyed,
So hath best learnt to govern; who, having suffered,
Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
By nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
Possess the station of command!

R. Kiu. Prince Emerick,
Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.
Eme. [*aside to CASIMIR.*] Ragozzi was thy school-
mate—a bold spirit!

Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws apace!

[*Then aloud.*]

Leave us awhile, my lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.

[*CASIMIR retires to the Guard-house; and after a time
appears before it with CHEF RAGOZZI.*]

We are alone.

What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?

Then, with your assent——

R. Kiu. Mistake not for assent
The unquiet silence of a stern resolve
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee,
Prince!

And I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in
A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

[*EMERICK turns as about to call for the Guard.*]

In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.

Eme. Ha, ha!—Well, sir!—Conclude your homily.

R. Kiu. [*in a somewhat suppressed voice.*] A tale
which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mewed up—this too, from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, falsehood,
Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head!

Eme.

Ay! to the mark!

R. Kiu. [*aloud: he and EMERICK standing at
equi-distance from the Palace and the Guard-House.*]
Hadst thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou
fancied

Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Wouldst thou have pilfered from our school-boys'
themes

These shallow sophisms of a popular choice?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safer trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft

Eme. Offers at once the royal bed and throne.

R. Kiu. To be a kingdom's bulwark, a King's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be King; but see! thy rage.
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!

[*To the Guard.*]

Eme. Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!
Thus long I have listened—Guard—ho! from the
palace.

[*The Guard-post from the Guard-house, with CHEF RAGOZZI
at their head, and then a number from the Palace—
CHEF RAGOZZI demands KIUPRILI'S sword and appre-
hends him.*]

Cas. O agony! [*to EMERICK.*] Sire, hear me!

[*To KIUPRILI, who turns from him.*]

Hear me, father!

Eme. Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for his life strikes at mine, his sovereign's.

R. Kiu. As the co-regent of the realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves!
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion
Of murder——

Eme. Hence with the madman!

R. Kiu. Your Queen's murder,
The royal orphan's murder: and to the death
Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[*Hurried off by RAGOZZI and the Guard.*]

Eme. Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged.

Cas. O banish him,
This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege lord!

Eme. [*scornfully.*] What? to the army?
Be calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.
The child o'er-powers the man. In this emergence
I must take counsel for us both. Retire.

[*Exit CASIMIR in agitation.*]

[*Looks at a Calendar.*] The changeful planet, now
in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon:
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.

[*Exit.*]

Scene changes to the back of the Palace—a wooded Park and Mountains.—Enter ZAPOLYA, with an Infant in arms.

Zap. Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm
disturbs thee!
Thou, the protector of the helpless! thou,
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,
Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!
Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring:
Thou art
The rightful heir of an anointed King!
What sounds are those? It is the vesper chant
Of labouring men returning to their home!
Their Queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!
And let this darkness——
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!
Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee

I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

[*She starts back and enter* CHEF RAGOZZI.

C. Rag. Sure Heaven befriends us. Well! he hath
escaped!

O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking hole in the heart. "Ragozzi!
O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?"
And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too
A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the Queen:
Heaven bless and guard her!

Zap. [*coming fearfully forward.*] Art thou not
Ragozzi?

C. Rag. The Queen! Now then the miracle is
full!

I see Heaven's wisdom is an overmatch
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

Zap. Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
And be not treacherous!

[*Kneeling.*

C. Rag. [*raising her.*] Madam! For mercy's sake!

Zap. But tyrants have a hundred eyes and arms!

C. Rag. Take courage, madam! 'Twere too horrible!
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—
Scarce had I barred the door on Raab Kiuprili—

Zap. Kiuprili! How?

C. Rag. There is not time to tell it,—
The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal,
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning

And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes: In
fine,

Bids me despatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner——

Zap. What, Raab Kiuprili?

C. Rag. Yes! my noble general,
I sent him off, with Emerick's own packet,
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him——

Zap. Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem
sinking!——

C. Rag. [*supporting her.*] Heaven still befriends us.
I have left my charger,

A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy!

Zap. One brief moment,
That praying for strength I may have strength. This
babe,

Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought pos-
sessed me,

When the loud clamour rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord.—

[*Then to the infant.*]

And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!

Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound
perishes,
Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it——
But Andreas framed it not! He was no tyrant!

C. Bag. Haste, madam! Let me take this precious
burden! *[He kneels as he takes the child.]*

Zap. Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge
thee.

Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy King!
[Then as going off, she looks back on the Palace.]

Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!
The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honour,
Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted nation:
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine,
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry: Lo! a male child is born!
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,
They shall be mocked with sounds of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaimed alone
To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!

Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched
hence,

[*Again to the infant.*] Poor friendless fugitive! with
mother's wailing,

Offspring of royal Andreas, shalt return

With trump and timbrel clang, and popular shout

In triumph to the palace of thy fathers! [Exeunt.

ZAPOLYA.



PART II.

THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED THE "USURPER'S FATE."

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

OLD BATHORY, *a Mountaineer.*

BETHLEN BATHORY, *the young Prince Andreas, supposed son of Old Bathory.*

LORD RUDOLPH, *a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.*

LASKA, *Steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.*

PESTALUTZ, *an Assassin, in Emerick's employ.*

LADY SAROLTA, *Wife of Lord Casimir.*

GLYCINE, *Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragozzi.*

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

USURPATION ENDED;

OR, SHE COMES AGAIN.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Mountainous Country. BATHORY'S Dwelling at the end of the Stage.*

Enter LADY SAROLTA and GLYCINE.

Gly. WELL then! our round of charity is finished.
Rest, madam! You breathe quick.

Sar. What, tired, Glycine?
No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
The good strength nature gave me.

Gly. That last cottage
Is built as if an eagle or a raven
Had chosen it for her nest.

Sar. So many are
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.

Gly. There?

[Pointing to BATHORY'S dwelling. SAROLTA answering, points to where she then stands.]

Sar. Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge

I lost the misty image which so long
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.

Gly. And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned
From his high embassy?

Sar. Thou hast hit my thought!
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope fluttered about my heart.
Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

Gly. But our best sports belike, and gay processions
Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.

Sar. I have small wish to see them. A spring
morning
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orb'd drop an orb of glory in it)
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retire-
ment

Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred:
But in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

Gly. And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——

Sar. Hush! innocent flatterer!

Gly. Nay! to my poor fancy

The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

Sar. So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?
And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?

Gly. Yes, madam! he was there. So was the may-
pole,
For we danced round it.

Sar. Ah, Glycine! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself?

Gly. Because
My own dear lady wished it! 'twas you asked me!

Sar. Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.

Gly. Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam!
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.

Sar. Not with fear, I think,
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.

*[Exit GLYCINE into the cottage; SAROLTA continues her speech
looking after her.]*

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!

Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[Angry voices and clamour within.]

Re-enter GLYCINE.

Gly. Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This
way!

Lady Sarolta's here—

[Calling without.]

Sar.

Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.

Las. *[to BATHORY.]* We have no concern with you!
What needs your presence?

O. Bat. What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave
boy

To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—
To tell its own tale?

[LASKA and Servants bow to LADY SAROLTA.]

Sar.

Laska! What may this mean?

Las. *[pompously, as commencing a set speech.]*

Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir,
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover——

Sar. Be brief! We know his titles!

Las. And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.

Sar. [*to the Servants who offer to speak.*] You have
had your spokesman!

Where is the young man thus accused?

O. Bat. I know not:

But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent!

Sar. Thou art his father?

O. Bat. None ever with more reason prized a son;
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice,
And if I swerve from truth——

Gly. Yes! good old man!
My lady! pray believe him!

Sar. Hush, Glycine!

Be silent I command you. [*Then to BATHORY.*]

Speak! we hear you!

O. Bat. My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He, (could he do less?)
Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,
(Your hectoring sparks so ever brave to women
Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.

Sar. Old man! you talk
Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house?

O. Bat. Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!

Las. Old insolent ruffian!

Gly. Pardon! pardon, madam!
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,
Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!
Shame on you!

Sar. [*speaks with affected anger.*] What! Glycine?
Go, retire!

[*Exit GLYCINE mournfully.*]

Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complained to us. Was ever access
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?

O. Bat. So then! So then! Heaven grant an old
man patience!
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?

Las. Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's
presence!

I will report her further will!

Sar. Wait then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!

[*Then speaks to the Servants.*]

Hence! leave my presence! and you, Laska! mark me!
Those rioters are no longer of my household!

If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose,
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
Restore the tear of wounded modesty
To a maiden's eye familiarised to license.—
But these men, Laska—

Las. [*aside.*] Yes, now 'tis coming.

Sar. Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger
Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them! You, Bathory!
Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns,
Present him to us!

O. Bat. Ha! what strangers*, here!
What business have they in an old man's eye?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I can not—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but [*then to SAROLTA aside*]
not for all ears!

Sar. I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall show it me! And, while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.

[BATHORY bowing, shows her into his cottage.]

Las. [*alone.*] Vexation! baffled! schooled!
Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.

* Refers to the tear, which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from the "Excursion."

And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!

[LASKA flings himself into the seat. GLYCINE peeps in timidly.]

Gly.

Laska! Laska!

Is my lady gone?

Las. [*surlily.*] Gone.

Gly.

Have you yet seen him?

Is he returned?

[LASKA starts up from his seat.]

Has the seat stung you, Laska?

Las. No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me;
you!

What? you would cling to him again?

Gly.

Whom?

Las.

Bethlen! Bethlen!

Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!

Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!

Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,
And your pretended fears!

Gly.

Your fears, at least,

Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs

And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!

Las. I fear! whom? What?

Gly.

I know, what I should fear,

Were I in Laska's place.

Las.

What?

Gly.

My own conscience,

For having fed my jealousy and envy

With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,

Against a brave and innocent young man's life!

Yet, yet, pray tell me!

Las. [*malignantly.*] You will know too soon.

Gly. Would I could find my lady! though she
chid me—

Yet this suspense—

[*Going.*]

Las. Stop! stop! one question only—
I am quite calm—

Gly. Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have marred the verse: well! this one
question—

Las. Are you not bound to me by your own promise?
And is it not as plain—

Gly. Halt! that's two questions.
Las. Pshaw! is it not as plain as impudence
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory? When he was accused,
Why pressed you forward? Why did you defend
him?

Gly. Question meet question: that's a woman's
privilege.
Why, Laska, did you urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me?

Las. So then, you say, Lady Sarolta forced you?

Gly. Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay? As far back as I wot of
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.

Las. Not one for Bethlen?

Gly. Oh! that's a different thing.
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for loving him—
Nay, there, indeed you are mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I grieve for him;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,

And my heart beats ; and all because I dreamed
That the war-wolf* had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest !

Las. You dare own all this ?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pampered Miss ! you shall be ; and I'll make
you

Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Tingle already ! *[Makes threatening signs.]*

Gly. [aside.] Ha ! Bethlen coming this way !
[GLYCINE then cries out, as if afraid of being beaten.]

Oh, save me ! save me ! Pray don't kill me, Laska !

Enter BETHLEN in a Hunting Dress.

Bet. What, beat a woman !

Las. [to GLYCINE]. O you cockatrice !

Bet. Unmanly dastard, hold !

Las. [pompously.] Do you chance to know
Who—I—am, sir ?—(S'death ! how black he looks !)

Bet. I have started many strange beasts in my
time,

But none less like a man, than this before me,
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

Las. Bold youth ! she's mine.

Gly. No, not my master yet,
But only is to be ; and all, because
Two years ago my lady asked me, and
I promised her, not him ; and if she'll let me,
I'll hate you, my lord's steward.

Bet. Hush, Glycine !

Gly. Yes, I do, Bethlen ; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life :
Your life, and old Bathory's too.

* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's
"Moon-calf," Chalmers' English Poets, Vol. IV. p. 133.

Bet.

Bathory's!

Where is my father? Answer, or——Ha! gone!

[*LASKA during this time slinks off the Stage, using threatening gestures to GLYCINE.*

Gly. Oh, heed not him! I saw you pressing
onward,

And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is your life they seek!

Bet.

My life?

Gly.

Alas,

Lady Sarolta even—

Bet.

She does not know me!

Gly. Oh that she did! she could not then have
spoken

With such stern countenance. But though she spurn
me,

I will kneel, Bethlen—

Bet.

Not for me, Glycine!

What have I done? or whom have I offended?

Gly. Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the
king. [*BETHLEN mutters to himself indignantly.*

[*Aside.*] So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god,
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!

Bet. [*muttering aside.*]

King!

Gly. Ah, often have I wished you were a king.

You would protect the helpless every where,

As you did us. And I, too, should not then

Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have

The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams

That you were killed in the forest; and then Laska

Would have no right to rail at me, nor say

(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.

Bet. Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—

But in good truth I know not what I speak.

This luckless morning I have been so haunted

With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?

Gly. Hist! 'tis my lady's step! she must not see
you! [BETHLEN retires.

Enter from the Cottage, SAROLTA and BATHORY.

Sar. Go, seek your son! I need not add, be speedy—
You here, Glycine? [Exit BATHORY.

Gly. Pardon, pardon, madam!
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harmed.

Sar. Be calm, Glycine!

Gly. No, I shall break my heart. [Sobbing.

Sar. [taking her hand.] Ha! is it so?

O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet!

Gly. Old Bathory—

Sar. Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy
tears.

Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

Gly. My lady does not mock me?

Sar. Where is Laska?

Has he not told thee?

Gly. Nothing. In his fear—
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—
Left me abruptly—

Sar. His shame excuses him!
He is somewhat hardly tasked; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.

Gly. The saints' bless you!
Shame on my graceless heart! 'How dared I fear,
Lady Sarolta could be cruel?

Sar. Come,
Be yourself, girl!

Gly. O, 'tis so full here! [*At her heart.*]
And now it can not harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—

Sar. Is not that old man's son!
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.
For all I know of thee is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan: left when rage intestine
Shook and engulphed the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same
earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself! Be secret! His true father—
Hear'st thou?

Gly. [*eagerly.*] O tell—

Bet. [*who had overheard the last few words, now
rushes out.*] Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven!
Who is my father?

Sar. [*gazing with surprise.*] Thine? Thy father?
Rise!

Gly. Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady!

Sar. His countenance, not his act!

Gly. Rise, Bethlen! Rise!

Bet. No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's
tongue

Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth,
And have no power to rise! Give me a father!
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,
And bring it back, and make it plead for me

In thine own heart! Speak! Speak! Restore to me
A name in the world!

Sar. By that blest Heaven I gazed at,
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—But rise!

Bet. Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!
{And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
{I feel and seek the light I can not see!

Sar. Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's
ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know!

Bet. Safe? Safe? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right!

Sar. [*aside.*] That look again!—
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it, Bethlen?

Bet. Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror—

Gly. Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous—

Sar. [*with a smile.*] Moon-calves, credulous girl!
Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.
[*Then speaking again to Bethlen.*] After that last great
battle, (O young man!
Thou wak'st anew my life's sole anguish) that
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory

Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe.
The robe that wrapped thee, was a widow's mantle.

Bet. An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.

O say—I fear to ask——

Sar. And I to tell thee.

Bet. Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.
[Striking his breast.

I am stone, cold stone.

Sar. Hid in a brake hard by,
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,
She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake: If aught of this world's comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
That at my life's risk I will save thy child!
Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, "Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!"

Bet. And did he leave her? What, had I a mother?
And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life
With the desertion of a dying mother?
Oh agony!

Gly. Alas! thou art bewildered,
And dost forget thou wert a helpless infant!

Bet. What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish?

Sar. Hush, Glycine!
It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:

Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!

Bet. O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She can not die! O pardon, gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—

Sar. Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself!

Bet. And found her still—

Sar. Alas! he did return,
He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.

Bet. O whither?

Gly. Dearest Bethlen!
I would that you could weep like me! O do not
Gaze so upon the air!

Sar. [*continuing the story.*] While he was absent,
A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

Bet. Emerick!
Oh Hell!

Gly. [*to silence him.*] Bethlen!

Bet. Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!
This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head,
Nor those strong eagle wings, which make swift way
To that appointed place, which I must seek;
Or else she were my mother!

Sar. Noble youth!
From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed

Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long past that weigh me down, though innocent!
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!
Vain was his care! Thou'st made thyself suspected
E'en where suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endowed thee
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive
All honourable aidance! But haste hence!
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise
Beseems thy years! Be thou henceforth my soldier!
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth!
And may the light that streams from thine own
honour

Guide thee to that thou seekest!

Gly. Must he leave us?

Bet. And for such goodness can I return nothing
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling?
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee!
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talked to me! But this tongue ne'er
soothed

A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name !
 O, at how dear a price have I been loved
 And no love could return ! One boon then, lady !
 Where'er thou bidd'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
 But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
 Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
 Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest !
 Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
 Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
 They shall make answer to me, though my heart's
 blood

Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for
 blood !

[Exit BETHLEN.]

Sar. Ah ! it was this I feared. To ward off this
 Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
 Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,
 Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
 Bound on his infant arm.

Gly. Oh, let me fly
 And stop him ! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
 Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
 And voices have been heard ! And there the plant
 grows

That being eaten, gives the inhuman wizard
 Power to put on the fell hyæna's shape.

Sar. What idle tongue hath bewitched thee,
 Glycine ?

I hoped that thou had'st learnt a nobler faith.

Gly. O chide me not, dear lady ; question Laska,
 Or the old man.

Sar. Forgive me, I spake harshly.
 It is indeed a mighty sorcery
 That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl,
 And what hath Laska told thee ?

Gly. Three days past

A courier from the king did cross that wood ;
A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose :
And never hath been heard of from that time !

[*Sound of horns without.*

Sar. Hark ! dost thou hear it ?

Gly. 'Tis the sound of horns !
Our huntsmen are not out !

Sar. Lord Casimir
Would not come thus !

[*Horns again.*

Gly. Still louder !

Sar. Haste we hence !
For I believe in part thy tale of terror !

But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed :
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-
wolves.

[*SAROLTA and GLYCINE exeunt. Trumpets, dec., louder.*

*Enter EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, and Huntsmen
and Attendants.*

L. Rud. A gallant chase, sire.

Eme. Ay, but this new quarry
That we last started seems worth all the rest.

[*Then to LASKA.*

And you—excuse me—what's your name ?

Las. Whatever
Your majesty may please.

Eme. Nay, that's too late, man.
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee.

Las. Laska, my liege sovereign.

Eme. Well, my liege subject, Laska ! And you are
Lord Casimir's steward ?

Las. And your majesty's creature.

Eme. Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady ?

Las. My liege lord, the taller.
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's forward—

Yet would your grace but speak—

Eme. Hum, master steward!
I am honoured with this sudden confidence.

Lead on. *[To LASKA, then to RUDOLPH.]*

Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

L. Rud. [aside.] Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I
will announce thee.

Eme. Now onward all. *[Exeunt Attendants.]*

[Solus.] A fair one by my faith!

If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had his reasons too.
"Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,
Made early in the convent—His word pledged—"
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.
Well! if the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There's somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt.
Through the transparency of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peered up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be deemed the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game!

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

R. Kiu. Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?

Zap. Nothing.

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?

R. Kiu. O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!
I dreamed I had met with food beneath a tree,
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net,
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it.
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.

Zap. Alas! 'twas lack of food: for hunger chokes!

R. Kiu. And now I saw you by a shrivelled child
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touched you the ground, methought, but close
above it

Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.

Zap. I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mocked sense craved
To hear the scream, which you but seemed to utter.
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivelled with toil and penury!

R. Kiu.

Nay! what ails you?

Zap. A wondrous faintness there comes stealing
o'er me.

Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
Life's setting sun behind him?

R. Kiu.

Cheerly! The dusk

Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me I'll bring thee food!

Zap.

Hunger's tooth has

Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered *Kiuprili*! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!

Hadst thou not done already—hadst thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?

R. Kiu. Yet be thou comforted! What! hadst thou
faith

When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou seest thy sainted lord commissioned
And on his way to aid us? Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene! this very cavern?
Thou dardest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke:—for misery can not add
Grief to thy griefs, or patience to thy sufferance!

Zap. Can not! O, what if thou wert taken from me?

Nay, thou said'st well: for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Hath made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night!
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[*GLYCINE is heard singing without.*

R. Kiu. Hark! heard you not
A distant chaunt?

SONG, BY GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far, far away!
To day! to day!"

Zap. Sure 'tis some blest spirit!
For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged. [Song again.

R. Kiu. It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!

Zap. Hark! her voice falters! [Exit ZAPOLYA.]

R. Kiu. She must not enter
The cavern, else I will remain unseen!

[KIUPRILI retires to one side of the stage. GLYCINE enters singing.]

Gly. [*fearfully.*] A savage place! saints shield me!
Bethlen! Bethlen!

Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again.
[Sings again.]

If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds! [Starts.]

'Twas some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and board-
spear!

What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

R. Kiu. [*unseen.*] Leave them and flee!

Gly. [*shrieks, then recovering.*] Where are you?

R. Kiu. [*still unseen.*] Leave them!

Gly. 'Tis Glycine!

Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!

All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!

'Twas not his voice!—

[GLYCINE leaves the provisions and exit fearfully. KIUPRILI comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern. GLYCINE returns, having recovered herself.]

Gly. Shame! Nothing hurt me!

If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and
hoarseness!

Speak, Bethlen! or but moan. St—St——No—
Bethlen!

If I turn back and he should be found dead here,
[She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.]

I should go mad!—Again!—'Twas my own heart!
Hush, coward heart! better beat loud with fear,
Than break with shame and anguish!

[*As she approaches to enter the cavern, KIUPRILI stops her.*

GLYCINE shrieks.

Gly. Saints protect me!

R. Kiu. Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

Gly. Save me!

R. Kiu. Swear secrecy and silence!

Gly. I swear!

R. Kiu. Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?

Gly. Only

A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

R. Kiu. Wherefore in this wood?

Gly. Alas! it was his purpose—

R. Kiu. With what intention came he? Would'st
thou save him,

Hide nothing!

Gly. Save him! O forgive his rashness!

He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!

R. Kiu. [*repeats the word.*] Human?

[*Then sternly.*] With what design?

Gly. To kill thee, or

If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee

By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,

To make disclosure of his parentage.

But most of all—

Zap. [*rushing out from the cavern.*] Heaven's blessing
on thee! Speak!

Gly. Whether his mother live, or perished here!

Zap. Angel of mercy, I was perishing,
And thou did'st bring me food: and now thou bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famished heart! His name, sweet
maiden!

Gly. E'en till this morning we were wont to name him

Bethlen Bathory!

Zap. Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith failed me wholly!
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!
Say on!

Gly. The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—

Zap. Ha! my son!

Gly. And of Lord Casimir—

R. Kiu. [*aside.*] O agony! my son!

Gly. But my dear lady—

Zap. and R. Kiu. Who?

Gly. Lady Sarolta
Frowned and discharged these bad men.

R. Kiu. [*turning off, and to himself.*] Righteous
Heaven

Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

Zap. [*embraces GLYCINE.*] Sweet innocent! and you
came here to seek him,
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?

Gly. Not much!

My own dear lady, when I was a child
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless!

R. Kiu. [*to ZAPOLYA.*] O yet beware, lest hope's
brief flash but deepen
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight

With many a babe and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck.

[Then to GLYCINE again.

Well! Casimir's wife—

Gly. She is always gracious, and so praised the old
man

That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery
That in this wood—

Zap. [*in agitation.*] O speak!

Gly. A wounded lady—

[ZAPOLYA faints—they both support her.

Gly. Is this his mother?

R. Kiu.

She would fain believe it,
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles. [Horn heard without.

To the cavern!

Quick! quick!

Gly. Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

R. Kiu. Emerick?

Gly. He came this morning—

[They retire to the cavern, bearing ZAPOLYA. Then enter
BETHLEN, armed with a boar-spear.

Bet.

I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!
Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!
Thou did'st not mock me! These are blessed findings!
The secret cypher of my destiny [Looking at his signet.
Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!

Ha!—[observing the cave.] Had ever monster fitting
lair, 'tis yonder!

Thou yawning den, I well remember thee!

Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on !
Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine !

[Blows the horn—then a pause.]

Another blast ! and with another swell
To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood !
If haply I have come, the rightful heir
Of vengeance : if in me survive the spirits
Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here !

[Blows again louder.]

Still silent ? Is the monster gorged ? Heaven shield
me !

Thou, faithful spear ! be both my torch and guide.

[As BETHLEN is about to enter, KIUPRILI speaks from the cavern unseen.]

R. Kiu. Withdraw thy foot ! Retract thine idle
spear,
And wait obedient !

Bet. *[in amazement.]* Ha ! What art thou ? speak !

R. Kiu. *[still unseen.]* Avengers !

Bet. By a dying mother's pangs,
E'en such am I. Receive me !

R. Kiu. *[still unseen.]* Wait ! Beware !
At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness !

Bet. Ha ! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed !—
Oh, fool ! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—
Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year that pressed upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God,
Then, as if touched by fire from heaven descending,
Blazed up within me at a father's name—
Do they desert me now !—at my last trial ?
Voice of command ! and thou, O hidden Light !
I have obeyed ! Declare ye by what name

I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
Will make you gracious.

R. Kiu. [still unseen.] Patience! Truth! Obedience!
Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,
Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!
Thy name?

Bet. Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest,
To him, perchance rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
In chase or battle won, have given a name.
I have none—but like a dog have answered
To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me.

R. Kiu. [still unseen.] Thy birth-place?

Bet. Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?
Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-
place?

Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle!
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
And in it the wolf litters!—I invoke you,
Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
O tell! what rights, what offices of duty
This signet doth command? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its lord?

R. Kiu. [still unseen.] More, guiltier, mightier,
Than thou may'st summon! Wait the destined hour!

Bet. O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
Enwrap one fatherless!

Zap. [unseen.] One fatherless!

Bet. [starting.] A sweeter voice!—A voice of love
and pity.

Was it the softened echo of mine own?
Sad echo! but the hope, it killed, was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourned as dead!
One other hope yet lives within my soul:
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are
these
The sole remains of her that gave me life?
Have I a mother?

[ZAPOLYA rushes out to embrace him. BETHLEN starts.

Ha!

Zap. [*embracing him.*] My son! my son!
A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!
[*They embrace. KIUPRILI and GLYCINE come forward, and
the curtain drops.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A stately Room in LORD CASIMIR'S Castle.*

Enter EMERICK and LASKA.

Eme. I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

Las. In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

Eme. Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that I of
all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,
Dishonouring Casimir?

Las. Far be it from me!
Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with
them.

Eme. Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir is
my friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?

Las. [*aside.*] Would I but knew now, what his
Majesty meant!

Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my lord's father—

Eme. 'Tis your talk,
Is it, good statesman Laska?

Las. No, not mine,
Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

Eme. Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors! But art sure the youth's devoured?

Las. Not a limb left, an please your Majesty!
And that unhappy girl—

Eme. Thou followed'st her
Into the wood? [*LASKA bows assent.*]

Henceforth then I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

Las. Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her
veil,

When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—

Eme. Made thee shake like a leaf.

Las. The war-wolf leaped; at the first plunge he
seized her,
Forward I rushed!

Eme. Most marvellous!

Las. Hurl'd my javelin;
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

Eme. Enough!

And take, friend, this advice. When next thou
tonguest it,
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouched your common talk aforesaid,
What your lord did, or should have done.

Las. My talk?

The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,
"Was not the King Lord Casimir's dearest friend?
Was not that friend a king? Whate'er he did
'Twas all from pure love to his Majesty."

Eme. And this then was thy talk? While knave
and coward,

Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion,
All these were set upon a father's head:
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!
For he but wished to hit the prize; not graze
The head that bore it: so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends him no dishonour.
He winked not then, for love of me forsooth!
For love of me now let him wink! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.

[Passing his hand across his brow.]

Las. Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

Eme. *[with a slight start, as one who had been talking
aloud to himself: then with scorn.]* Thee!

'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?

[LASKA bows.]

And in your lady's chamber there's full space?

Las. Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

Eme. Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,

If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,
Hark you!—the wolf, that shall drag thee to his den
Shall be no fiction.

[*Exit EMERICK. LASKA manet with a key in one hand,
and a purse in the other.*

Las. Well then! Here I stand, C's voice
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
Call this [*looking at the purse.*] Preferment; this
[*holding up the key.*] Fidelity!

And first my golden goddess: what bids she?
Only:—"This way, your Majesty! hush! The
household

Are all safe lodged."—Then, put Fidelity
Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
'Tis the King's deed, not Laska's. Do but this
And—"I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes."
But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!
[*Putting the key to his ear.*

All very true!—but, good Fidelity!
If I refuse King Emerick, will you promise,
And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,
And save me from the hangman? Ay! you're silent!
What, not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!
Now for one look to see that all are lodged
At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
For Laska and his royal friend, King Emerick!

[*Exit LASKA. Then enter BATHORY and BETHLEN.*

Bet. He looked as if he were some God disguised
In an old warrior's venerable shape
To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
Chapel or oratory in this mansion?

O. Bat. Even so.

Bet. From that place then am I to take
A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

O. Bat. Those very arms this day Sarolta showed me—
With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

Bet. O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
To break the first command a mother's will
Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!
"Ask not, my son," said she, "our names or thine;
The shadow of the eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathise with the powers that work in silence!"
Thus spake she, and she looked, as she were then
Fresh from some heavenly vision!

[*Re-enter LASKA, not perceiving them.*]

Las.

All asleep!

[*Then observing BETHLEN, stands in idiot-affright.*]

I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!

I'll confess all!

[*Stammering with fear.*]

O. Bat. Laska! what ails thee, man?

Las. [*pointing to BETHLEN.*] There!

O. Bat. I see nothing! where?

Las.

He does not see it!

Bethlen, torment me not!

Bet.

Soft! Rouse him gently!

He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

O. Bat. Ho! Laska! Don't you know us! 'tis
Bathory.

And Bethlen!

Las. [*recovering himself.*] Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.

Afraid? Nay, no offence? But I must laugh.
But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself.

Bet. [*holding up his hand as if to strike him.*]
Would'st be convinced?

Las. No nearer, pray! consider!
If it should prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me
To a tombstone. No nearer!

Bet. The fool is drunk!

Las. [*still more recovering.*] Well now! I love a
brave man to my heart.
I myself braved the monster, and would fain
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.

O. Bat. You, Laska?

Bet. [*to BATHORY.*] Mark! Heaven grant it may
be so!

Glycine?

Las. She! I traced her by the voice.
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard
The close of a song: the poor wretch had been singing:
As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf
At once with music and a meal!

Bet. [*to BATHORY.*] Mark that!

Las. At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, "Bethlen! Oh poor
Bethlen!"

I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her,
She stopped, then mad with fear, turned round and ran
Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—

Bet. Stop there!
We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honour
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?

Las. You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe
and sound!

You played the hero at a cautious distance!
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite!

O. Bat. Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!
Shouldst thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself!
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy.

Las. What then! you swell upon my lady's favour,
High lords and perilous of one day's growth!
But other judges now sit on the bench!
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both son and father
Still higher; to a height from which indeed
You both may drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,
At Laska's rightful suit, may make enquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

Bet. Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

Las. 'Tis well! it shall content me! though your
fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.

[Then very pompously.]

First we demand the manner of her death?

Bet. Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just
told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valour strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

Las. Glycine?

Bet. Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered
Its own commission to you?

O. Bat. 'Tis most likely!
And the ghost doubtless vanished when we entered
And found brave Laska staring wide—at nothing!

Las. 'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report
them,

With all due honour to his Majesty!
Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,
Whom the King flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost!

Bet. Listen! for thus it spake: "Say thou to
Laska,

Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused
her,

For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel"—thus.

[*Beats him off.*

Off! scoundrel! off!

[*LASKA runs away.*

O. Bat. The sudden swelling of this shallow
dastard

Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.

Bet. E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory?

O. Bat. Ascend yon flight of stairs!

Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low arched oratory !
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate :
For a petard might burst the bars unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message !
Bet. There I will meet you ! And till then, good
night !

Dear good old man, good night !

O. Bat. O yet one moment !
What I repelled, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father !
It cannot now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen !—say—Father to me !

Bet. Now, and for ever,
My father ! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have !
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father !

O. Bat. Go ! Go !

[*BETHLEN breaks off and exit. BATHORY looks affectionately after him.*]

May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him !

[*Exit BATHORY.*]

*Scene changes to a splendid Bed-Chamber, hung with tapestry.
SAROLTA in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.*

Att. We all did love her, madam !

Sar. She deserved it !
Luckless Glycine ! rash, unhappy girl !
Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.

Att. She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.

Sar. Has the youth's father come back from his
search?

Att. He never will, I fear me, O dear lady!
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
It was quite cruel—"You'll be sure," said he,
"To meet with part at least of your son Bethlen,
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!
Go! search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you!"

Sar. Inhuman wretch!

Att. And old Bathory answered
With a sad smile, "It is a witch's prayer,
And may Heaven read it backwards." Though she was
rash,

'Twas a small fault for such a punishment!

Sar. Nay! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my good girl!
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

O they were innocent and yet have perished
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph.
Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate?—

Still passing thence petitionary Hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
Or would this chilness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant,
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on unsheltered!

Make our food bitter with despised tears !
 Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass !
 Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
 And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread !
 With all the heaviest worldly visitations
 Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
 Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
 Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
 Only, O merciful in vengeance ! let not
 That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul !
 Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him
 To his own heart ! O save him ! Save my husband !

[During the latter part of this speech EMERICK comes forward from his hiding-place. SAROLTA seeing him, without recognising him.]

In such a shape a father's curse should come.

Eme. *[advancing.]* Fear not !

Sar. Who art thou ? Robber ? Traitor ?

Eme. Friend !

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
 Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
 Joy, love and beauty, from their natural thrones :
 Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

Sar. Strengthen me, Heaven ! I must not seem
 afraid ! *[Aside.]*

The King to-night then deigns to play the masker.
 What seeks your Majesty ?

Eme. Sarolta's love ;

And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

Sar. Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such
 debasement !

Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
 On the base villain, on the faithless slave
 Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements !
 For whom ? Has Casimir deserved this insult ?

O my misgiving heart ! If—if—from Heaven,
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick !

Eme.

Chiefly from me.

Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness ?
First then on him I will administer justice—

If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture. [*Seizes her.*]

Sar. Help ! Treason ! Help !

Eme.

Call louder ! Scream again !

Here's none can hear you !

Sar.

Hear me, hear me, Heaven !

Eme. Nay, why this rage ? Who best deserves you ?

Casimir,

Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave
That mews you up with bolts and bars ? or Emerick
Who proffers you a throne ? Nay, mine you
shall be.

Hence with this fond resistance ! Yield ; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen !

Sar. Yet, yet for one brief moment [*Struggling.*]

Unhand me, I conjure you.

[*She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet. EMERICK follows, and as she takes a dagger, he grasps it in her hand.*]

Eme.

Ha ! Ha ! a dagger ;

A seemly ornament for a lady's casket !

'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,

But yours is tragic ! Love in war ! It charms me,

And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces !

[*During this speech BETHLEN enters armed.*]

Bet. Ruffian, forbear ! Turn, turn and front my
sword !

Eme. Pish ! who is this !

Sar.

O sleepless eye of Heaven !

A blest, a blessed spirit ! Whence camest thou ?

May I still call thee Bethlen ?

Bet. Ever, lady,
Your faithful soldier!

Eme. Insolent slave! Depart!
Know'st thou not me?

Bet. I know thou art a villain
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

Sar. Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!
This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!

Bet. Usurped it!

Eme. The King will play the devil with thee indeed!
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate,
At this thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth
Stained with adulterous blood, and [Then to SAROLTA.
—mark you, traitress!

Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!
Thou prayed'st for't too.

Sar. Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!

Bet. Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the
buskin!

A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!
That from some vagrant actor's tiring room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!

Eme. Ah! treason!
Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this!
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant,
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!

[EMERICK points his hand haughtily towards BETHLEN, who
catching a sight of the signet, seizes his hand and
eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back
with indignant joy.]

Bet. It must be so ! 'Tis e'en the counterpart !
But with a foul usurping cypher on it !
The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must
follow it !

O curst usurper ! O thou brother-murderer !
That mad'st a star-bright queen a fugitive widow !
Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself
All curses in one tyrant ! see and tremble !
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee !
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark ! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound ! I defy thee.

[They fight, and just as EMERICK is disarmed, in rush CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, and Attendants. CASIMIR runs in between the combatants, and parts them ; in the struggle BETHLEN's sword is thrown down.]

Cas. The King ! Disarmed too by a stranger ! Speak !
What may this mean ?

Eme. Deceived, dishonoured lord !
Ask thou yon fair adultress ! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and
traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign !
Thou art present now, and a friend's duty ceases :
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of half thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,
For that the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[Then to the Attendants.]

Hence with him to the dungeon ! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—Hark ! your heads or his !

Bet. Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's
justice ?

Eme. Who speaks to him dies ! The traitor that
has menaced

His King, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word!

Cas. [to BATHORY.] Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit BETHLEN, hurried off by BATHORY and Attendants.*]

Eme. We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:
Thou [to CASIMIR.] wilt attend us: and wilt then
explain

This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit EMERICK; manent CASIMIR and SAROLTA.*]

Sar. My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies
yonder!

[*Pointing to the sword which BETHLEN had been disarmed of
by the Attendants.*]

It is Kiuprili's, Casimir; 'tis thy father's!
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

Cas. Hush! hush! [In an under voice.]

I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate!
For him did I bring down a father's curse!
Swift, swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!

[*Embracing her.*]

No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse!

[*Exeunt consulting.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Glade in a Wood.**Enter CASIMIR looking anxiously around.*

Cas. This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter LORD RUDOLPH.

Well met, Lord Rudolph!—
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust—

L. Rud. Enough! the time is precious!
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?
And sojourned there some hours?

Cas. I did so!

L. Rud. Heard you
Aught of a hunt preparing?

Cas. Yes; and met
The assembled huntsmen!

L. Rud. Was there no word given?

Cas. The word for me was this:—The royal Leopard
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.

L. Rud. Your answer?

Cas. As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen!

L. Rud. The event redeemed their pledge?

Cas. It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!

[They take hands, &c.]

L. Rud. But Emerick! how when you reported to
him

L

Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards?

Cas. O, he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed me.

L. Rud. I entered as the door was closing on you :
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you,—
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,
As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you first.
But hush ! draw back !

Cas. This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.

L. Rud. There ! mark them !

[Points to where LASKA and PESTALUTZ cross the Stage.]

Cas. Laska !

L. Rud. One of the two I recognised this morning ;
His name is Pestalutz : a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,
Dispart you from your servants.

Cas. [*aside.*] I deserve it.
The comrade of that ruffian is my servant :
The one I trusted most and most preferred.
But we must part. What makes the king so late ?
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

L. Rud. And his main policy
To enthrall the sluggard nature in ourselves
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
To enthrall the world : for the will governs all.
See the sky lowers ! the cross-winds waywardly
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt !

Cas. Mark yonder mass ! I make it wear the shape
Of a huge ram that butts with head depressed.

L. Rud. [smiling.] Belike, some stray sheep of the
oozy flock,
Which, if bards lie not, the sea-shepherds tend,
Glaucus or Proteus. But my fancy shapes it
A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.

Cas. Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—
Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,
On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand
Plucked at the ringlets of the vaporous fleece.
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
And elemental war!

[A single trumpet heard at some distance.]

L. Rud. That single blast
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser
Neighs at the gate. *[A volley of trumpets.]*

Hark! now the king comes forth!
For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship!
I must away! my absence may be noticed.

Cas. Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt
Hard by the forest-skirts; and ere high noon
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili!

[Exit RUDOLPH and manet CASIMIR.]

The traitor, Laska!—
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this?—O she was innocent!
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.

And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
 The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
 O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
 Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
 By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
 Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir!
 O fool! O parricide! through yon wood didst thou,
 With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,
 A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then,
 (Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
 The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
 Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!
 And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
 Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement!
 O strengthen him to nobler compensation
 In the deliverance of his bleeding country!

[Exit CASIMIR.]

Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern as in Act II.

ZAPOLYA and GLYCINE discovered.

Zap. Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
 Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
 Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
 That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

Gly. I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
 And the same moment I descry him, lady,
 I will return to you.

[Exit GLYCINE.]

Enter Old BATHORY, speaking as he enters.

O. Bat. Who hears? A friend!
 A messenger from him who bears the signet!

[ZAPOLYA, who had been gazing affectionately after GLYCINE,
 starts at BATHORY'S voice.]

Zap. Hehath the watch word!—Art thou not Bathory?

O. Bat. O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[BATHORY kneels.]

Zap. Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

O. Bat. O, he was born to honour! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

Zap. Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?

O. Bat. She is safe.
The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son——

Zap. Hark! Is it he?

O. Bat. I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest
To have led you hence.—Retire.

Zap. O life of terrors!

O. Bat. In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage
ground,
That even this old arm——

[*Exeunt ZAPOLYA and BATHORY into the Cave.*]

Enter LASKA and PESTALUTZ.

Las. Not a step further!

Pes. Dastard! was this your promise to the king?

Las. I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked
with you
As with a friend—have pointed out Lord Casimir—

And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

Pes. [*affecting to start.*] Be on your guard, man!

Las. [*in affright.*] Ha! what now?

Pes. Behind you!

'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened
you

For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!

Las. Pshaw! What, you think 'tis fear that makes
me leave you?

Pes. Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?

Las. [*pompously*]. Friend! Laska will be found at
his own post,

Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.

There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,

'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!

Pes. [*with a sneer.*] What! the girl

Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?

Las. [*throwing down a bow and arrows.*] Well! Take
my arms! Hark! should your javelin fail
you,

These points are tipt with venom.

[*Starts and sees GLYCINE without.*]

By Heaven! Glycine!

Now, as you love the king, help me to seize her!

[*They run out after GLYCINE, and she shrieks, without; then
enter BATHORY from the Cavern.*]

O. Bat. Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning! Which way
went they?

The shriek came thence.

[*Clash of swords, and BETHLEN'S voice heard from behind
the scenes; GLYCINE enters, alarmed; then, as seeing
LASKA'S bow and arrows.*]

Gly. Ha! weapons here? Then Bethlen, thy
 Glycine
 Will die with thee or save thee!

[*She seizes them and rushes out; BATHORY following her, Lively and irregular music, and Peasants with hunting-spears cross the Stage, singing chorally.*

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
 To the meadows trip away.
 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
 And scare the small birds from the corn.
 Not a soul at home may stay:
 For the shepherds must go
 With lance and bow
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.
 Leave the hearth and leave the house
 To the cricket and the mouse:
 Find grannam out a sunny seat,
 With babe and lambkin at her feet.
 Not a soul at home may stay:
 For the shepherds must go
 With lance and bow
 To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

*Re-enter, as the Huntsmen pass off, BATHORY, BETHLEN,
 and GLYCINE.*

Gly. And now once more a woman——

Bet. Was it then
 That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
 That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me?

O. Bat. [*to BETHLEN, exultingly.*] 'Twas as a vision
 blazoned on a cloud
 By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
 Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,
 Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;
 The point was at your back, when her shaft reached him.
 The coward turned, and at the self-same instant
 The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

Zap. Bethlen! my child! and safe too!

Bet. Mother! Queen!

Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!

Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm minister of his justice.

So do the gods who launch the thunderbolt!

Zap. O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!
In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,
A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden incense—

Bet. [*hastily.*] And that majestic form that stood
beside thee

Was Raab Kiuprili!

Zap. It was Raab Kiuprili;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

O. Bat. Hail Andreas! hail my king!

[*Triumphantly.*]

And. Stop, thou revered one,
Lest we offend the jealous destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

Gly. Accept thine handmaid's service! [*Kneeling.*]

Zap. Raise her, son!
O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,
And through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's!
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began!

And. Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the
rest

Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:
For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

Gly. Hark! sure the hunt approaches.

[Horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.]

Zap.

O Kiuprili!

O. Bat. The demon-hunters of the middle air
Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn
Swells singly with irregular blast! the tempest
Has scattered them!

[Horns heard as from different places at a distance.]

Zap.

O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

O. Bat. The wood will be surrounded! leave me
here.

And. My mother! let me see thee once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed,
To seek the hero!

O. Bat. Haste! my life upon it
I'll guide him safe.

And. *[thunder again.]* Ha! what a crash was there!
Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal

[Pointing without to the body of PESTALUTZ.]

Than yon vile subaltern.

Zap.

Your behest, High powers,
Lo, I obey! to the appointed spirit,
That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee!

*[Exeunt ZAPOLYA, ANDREAS, and GLYOINE, ANDREAS having
in haste dropt his sword. Manet BATHORY.]*

O. Bat. Yon bleeding corse *[pointing to PESTALUTZ's
body.]* may work us mischief still:
Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,
I'll drag it hither.

*[Exit BATHORY. After awhile several Hunters cross the stage
as scattered. Some time after, enter KIUPRILI in his
disguise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued.]*

R. Kiu. [*throwing off his disguise.*] Since Heaven
alone can save me, Heaven alone
Shall be my trust.

[*Then speaking as to ZAPOLYA in the Cavern.*

Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!

[*He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm.*

Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,
Each sinew powerless; senseless rock, sustain me!
Thou art parcel of my native land.

[*Then observing the sword.*

A sword!

Ha! and my sword! Zapolya hath escaped,
The murderers are baffled, and there lives
An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—
There was a time, when this dear sword did flash
As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arm—
I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!
And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish,
To end his work and thine! Kiuprili now
Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, with the dead body of PESTALUTZ.

O. Bat. Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!
Thou follow'st heavily: a reluctant weight!
Good truth, it is an undeserved honour
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial place.

[*Then observing KIUPRILI.*

'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form! Thou need'st not speak,
For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili!

Kiu. And are they safe? [*Noise without.*

O. Bat. Conceal yourself, my lord!
I will mislead them!

Kiu. Is Zapolya safe?

O. Bat. I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure you!
[*As he retires, in rushes CASIMIR.*]

Cas. [*entering.*] Monster!

Thou shalt not now escape me!

O. Bat. Stop, Lord Casimir!

It is no monster.

Cas. Art thou too a traitor?

Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?
Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

O. Bat. [*pointing to the body of PESTALUTZ.*] There
lies the assassin! slain by that same sword
That was descending on his curst employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

Cas. Strange providence! what then was he who
fled me?

[*BATHORY points to the Cavern, whence KIUPRILI advances.*
Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!
Would thy hand point me?

O. Bat. Casimir, to thy father.

Cas. [*discovering KIUPRILI.*] The curse! the curse!
Open and swallow me,

Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!

O. Bat. [*to KIUPRILI.*] Speak, speak, my lord!

Kiu. [*holds out the sword to BATHORY.*] Bid him
fulfil his work!

Cas. Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread
spirit!

O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair!

O. Bat. He lives!

Cas. Lives! A father's curse can never die!

Kiu. [*in a tone of pity.*] O Casimir! Casimir!

O. Bat. Look! he doth forgive you!
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice. [*EMERICK'S voice without.*]

Cas. I kneel, I kneel!
Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-aborring child!
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father!

Kiu. Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's
sword;

When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!

[*KIUPRILI and CASIMIR embrace; they all retire to the Cavern supporting KIUPRILI. CASIMIR as by accident drops his robe, and BATHORY throws it over the body of PESTALUTZ.*]

Eme. [*entering.*] Fools! Cowards! follow—or by
Hell I'll make you

Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
As gods or wood-nymphs!—

[*Then sees the body of PESTALUTZ, covered by CASIMIR'S cloak.*]

Ha! 'tis done, then!

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears!
Well!—Aye, well!—
And is it not well? For though grafted on us,
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurked in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy looked at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

[*As EMERICK moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern CASIMIR and BATHORY.*]

O. Bat. [*pointing to where the noise is, and aside to CASIMIR.*] This way they come!

Cas. [*aside to BATHORY.*] Hold them in check awhile,
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

Eme. [*aside, not perceiving CASIMIR and BATHORY,
and looking at the dead body.*] And ere I ring the
alarum of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[*Uncovers the face, and starts.*]

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

Cas. [*Coming forward.*] Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

Eme. Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that
petty omen
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?
Ho! Treason! Treason!

Cas. Then have at thee, tyrant!

[*They fight. EMERICK falls.*]

Eme. Betrayed and baffled by mine own tool!
——Oh!

[*Dies.*]

Cas. [*triumphantly.*] Hear, hear, my father!
Thou shouldst have witnessed thine own deed. O
Father,

Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen;
Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it
Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me,
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants.

Rud. and Bat. [*entering.*] Friends! friends to
Casimir.

Cas. Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

Rud. So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

Cas. Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!
One moment——

Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,
I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen
With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven—
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[*Exeunt CASIMIR into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side.*]

Scene, Chamber in CASIMIR'S Castle. Confederates discovered.

First Con. It cannot but succeed, friends. From
this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

Enter another Confederate,

What tidings from Temeswar?

Second Con. With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant;
He is proclaimed the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

First Con. Just doom for him, who governs without
law!

Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall?

Second Con. Nothing is yet decided: but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——

Enter SAROLTA.

Hail to Sarolta!

Sar. Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile hath returned
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him,

The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili ;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

[*Shouts of "Kiuprili, Kiuprili," and "The Tyrant's fallen," without. Then enter KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants, after the clamour has subsided.*

R. Kiu. Spare yet your joy, my friends ! A higher
waits you :
Behold, your Queen !

[*Enter from opposite side ZAPOLYA and ANDREAS, royally attired, with GLYCINE.*

Con. Comes she from heaven to bless us ?
Other Con. It is ! it is !

Zap. Heaven's work of grace is full !
Kiuprili, thou art safe !

R. Kiu. Royal Zapolya !
To the heavenly powers pay we our duty first ;
Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee
And for our country, the one precious branch
Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,
Behold your King ! And thank our country's genius,
That the same means which have preserved our
sovereign

Have likewise reared him worthier of the throne
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs
Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man,
(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians)
We haste to lay before the assembled council.

All. Hail, Andreas ! Hail, Illyria's rightful king !

And. Supported thus, O friends ! 'twere cowardice
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink
From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait
The awful sanction of convened Illyria,
In this brief while, O let me feel myself
The child, the friend, the debtor !—Heroic mother !—

But what can breath add to that sacred name?
Kiuprili! gift of Providence, to teach us
That loyalty is but the public form
Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth
Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm:
Thou my support and I thy faithful fruitage.
My heart is full, and these poor words express not;
They are but an art to check its overswelling.
Bathory! shrink not from my filial arms!
Now, and from henceforth thou shalt not forbid me
To call thee father! And dare I forget
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,
Lady Sarolta! Still acknowledge me
Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine?
Thou sword that leap'dst forth from a bed of roses,—
Thou falcon-hearted dove?

Zap. Hear that from me, son!
For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

Cas. Chef Ragozzi!
O shame upon my head! I would have given her
To a base slave!

Zap. Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel [*pointing to SAROLTA.*] to thy house
to guard her!

Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!
[*To ANDREAS.*]

The sports of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee!

[*Pointing to GLYCINE.*] Take her, son!
A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!

Sar. A banquet waits!—
On this auspicious day, for some few hours

I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all !
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free ;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
~~None love their country, but who love their home ;~~
For freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side :
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness !

**THE PICCOLOMINI;
OR, THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN.**

A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine syllable verse, in the same *tilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false notion both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their conception of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused, without some portion of disappointment, the dramas, which it has been my

employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are historical dramas, taken from a popular German history; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy with the interest excited in us by similar dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of *Wallenstein*, not from *Lear* or *Othello*, but from *Richard the Second*, or the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*. We scarcely expect rapidity in an historical drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages, the excellence of which will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the astrological tower, and the reflections of the young lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the scene in the first act of the first play between *Questenberg*, *Max*. and *Octavio Piccolomini*. If we except the scene of the setting sun in the *Robbers*, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first scene of the fifth act of the concluding play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands connected with the original author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellences than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living author is incumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his

original faithfully, as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of compensation, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.*

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambus; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.†

* Originally prefixed to the translation of the second part, but apparently as a general introduction.

† Originally prefixed to the translation of the first part.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-Law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

TIEFENBACH,

DON MARADAS,

GOETZ,

KOLATTO,

} *Generals under Wallenstein.*

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.*

The War Commissioner, VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*

GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*

BATTISTER SENI, *Astrologer.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

A CORNET.

Several COLONELS and GENERALS.

PAGES and ATTENDANTS belonging to Wallenstein.

ATTENDANTS and HOBÖISTS belonging to Tertsky.

THE MASTER OF THE CELLAR to Count Tertsky.

VALET DE CHAMBRE of Count Piccolomini.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-house at Pilsen, decorated with colours and other war insignia.*

ILLO with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

Illo. YE have come late—but ye are come! The distance,

Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

Iso. Add this too, that we come not empty handed. At Donauwert* it was reported to us, A Swedish caravan was on its way Transporting a rich cargo of provision, Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!— We bring it hither——

Illo. Just in time to banquet The illustrious company assembled here.

But. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

Iso. Ay!

The very churches are all full of soldiers. And in the Council-house, too, I observe,

[*Casts his eye round.*]

You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

* A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

Illo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.

You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

But. Expect not Galas.

Illo. [*hesitating.*] How so? Do you know——

Iso. [*interrupting him.*] Max. Piccolomini here?—

O bring me to him.

I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And toward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

Illo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts

The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess
From Kärnthen. We expect them here at noon.

But. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call
hither?

He crowds in visitants from all sides.

Iso.

Hm!

So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

Illo. [*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to BUTLER, whom he leads a little on one side.*]

And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

But. Because
He importuned me to remain behind.

Illo. [*with warmth.*] And you?—You hold out
firmly?

[*Grasping his hand with affection.*] Noble Butler!

But. After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me——

Illo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—MAJOR GENERAL,
I wish you joy!

Iso. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

But. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

Iso. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in
that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers.

Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

Iso. [*to ILLO.*] My noble brother! did I tell you how

The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
 Will be himself my banker for the future,
 Make me once more a creditable man!—
 And this is now the third time, think of that!
 This kingly-minded man has rescued me
 From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

Illo. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
 Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
 But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!—
 What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
 His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
 Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
 Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

But.

Ay,

These requisitions of the Emperor,—
 I too have heard about them; but I hope
 The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

* *Illo.* Not from his right most surely, unless first
 —From office!

But. [*shocked and confused.*] Know you *ought* then?
 You alarm me.

Iso. [*at the same time with BUTLER, and in a hurried voice.*] We should be ruined, every one of us!

Illo.

No more!

Yonder I see *our worthy friend** approaching
 With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

But. [*shaking his head significantly.*] I fear we
 shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.—*Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.*

Oct. [*still in the distance.*] Ay, ay! more still! Still
 more new visitors!
 Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,

* Spoken with a sneer.

Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

[*Approaching nearer.*

Welcome, Count Isolani !

Iso.

My noble brother,

Even now am I arrived ; it had been else my duty—

Oct. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice

Thus to renew acquaintance with a man

Whose worth and services I know and honour.

See, see, my friend !

There might we place at once before our eyes

The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[*To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI at the same time to him.*

These two the total sum—STRENGTH and DISPATCH.

Ques. [*to OCTAVIO.*] And lo ! betwixt them both
experienced PRUDENCE !

Oct. [*presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER and ISOLANI.*] The Chamberlain and War-commissioner
Questenberg,

The bearer of the Emperor's behests,

The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,

We honour in this noble visitor.

[*Universal silence.*

Illo. [*moving towards QUESTENBERG.*] 'Tis not the
first time, noble Minister,

You have shown our camp this honour.

Ques.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

Illo. Perchance, too, you remember *where* that was.

It was at Znäim* in Moravia, where

You did present yourself on the part

Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke

That he would straight assume the chief command.

* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

Ques. To *supplicate*? Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

Illo. Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you
choose.

I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

Iso. [*steps up to them.*] Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible
enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

Ques. Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

Illo. A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

Ques. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

Illo. What? 'twas a favourable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.

Ques.

Nay,

If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

Iso. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors
ruined,

The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

Ques. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

Iso. Poh! we are all his subjects.

Ques. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must re-invigorate his resources.

Iso. Sure!

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see

[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of*
QUESTENBERG.

Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

Ques. Thank Heaven! that means have been found
out to hide

Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

Illo. There! the Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no
harvests

Save in the general calamity—

Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—*these*,
Let *these*, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

But. And those state-parasites, who have their
feet

So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they

Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would *pare* the soldier's bread, and cross his
reckoning!

Iso. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for *me*!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

Ques. • Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found
their way to us:

Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

Illo. War is a violent trade: one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith we should wait long.—

“Dash! and through with it!”—That's the better
watch-word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.

A bitter and perplexed "what shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

Ques. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke *does*
spare us

The troublesome task of choosing.

But. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

Ques. His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

Iso. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

Ques. [*with a sneer.*] Count, this comparison you
make, not I.

But. Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

Ques. You have taken liberty—it was not given
you.

And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

Oct. [*interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG.*] My
noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.

Could he *act* daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.

The boldness of this worthy officer, [*Pointing to BUTLER.*
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny

Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*
Hah! here they come!

N

Illo. The sentries are saluting them : this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

Oct. [*to QUESTENBERG.*] Then my son Max. too has
returned. 'Twas he

Fetched and attended them from Kärnthen hither.

Iso. [*to ILLO.*] Shall we not go in company to greet
them ?

Illo. Well, let us go.—Ho ! Colonel Butler, come.

[*To OCTAVIO.*]

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet

The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[*Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.*]

SCENE III.—QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

Ques. [*with signs of aversion and astonishment.*] What
have I not been forced to hear, Octavio !
What sentiments ! what fierce, uncurbed defiance !
And were this spirit universal—

Oct. Hm !

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

Ques. Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this ? That *Illo*
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler, too,—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

Oct. Quickness of temper—irritated pride ;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in *him*.

Ques. [*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*] Friend,
friend !

O ! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.

We had not seen the war-chief, the commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.

Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

Oct. Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

Ques. Where was our reason sleeping when we
trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

Oct. D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and
daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

Ques. How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threatens us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,

And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms——
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline.
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sov'reign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields!

Oct. Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon,
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he knew not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know,
I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it.
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

Ques. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!

Oct. Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulk'd into his graces;
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—

Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my *genuine* feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!

Ques. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

Oct. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart *rose* on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

Ques. You lead your son into the secret?

Oct.

No!

Ques. What? and not warn him either what bad
hands

His lot has placed him in?

Oct.

I must perforce

Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation

Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
 Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
 The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
 That make the Duke secure.

Ques. [*anxiously.*] My honoured friend! most highly
 do I deem
 Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——
 Reflect a little——

Oct. I must venture it.
 Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV.—MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI,
 QUESTENBERG.

Max. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
 [*He embraces his father. As he turns round he observes*
QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and reserved
air.

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

Oct. How Max.? Look closer at this visitor;
 Attention, Max. an old friend merits—Reverence
 Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.

Max. [*drily.*] Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you
 bring with you
 Aught good to our head quarters.

Ques. [*seizing his hand.*] Nay, draw not
 Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
 Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
 And nothing common will I say therewith.

[*Taking the hands of both.*

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!

O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
 Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
 While two such stars, with blessed influences
 Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

Max. Hey!—Noble minister! You miss your part.

You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

Oct. [*to MAX.*] He comes from court, where people
are not quite

So well contented with the Duke, as here.

Max. What now have they contrived to find out in
him?

That he alone determines for himself

What he himself alone doth understand?

Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.

Heaven never meant him for that passive thing

That can be struck and hammered out to suit

Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance

To every tune of every minister.

It goes against his nature—he can't do it.

He is possessed by a commanding spirit,

And his too is the station of command.

And well for us it is so! There exist

Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use

Their intellects intelligently.—Then

Well for the whole, if there be found a man,

Who makes himself what nature destined him,

The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—

Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,

Where all may press with joy and confidence.

Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if

Another better suits the Court—no other.

But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques. The army? Doubtless!

Oct. [*aside to QUESTENBERG.*] Hush! suppress it,
friend!

Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

Max.

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread
him

More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Ay, there the Present Being makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

Oct. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it
reaches.

My son! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Ques. O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been

But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. [*attentive with an appearance of uneasiness.*]

And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.

Oct. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short
journey.

Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the
soldier

Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded

With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Ques. [*apparently much affected.*] O! that you should
 speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

Max. [*turning round to him quick and vehement.*]
Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye*!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues
 fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,

And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [Exit.

SCENE V.—QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Ques. Alas, alas! and stands it so?

[Then in pressing and impatient tones.

What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?

Oct. [recovering himself out of a deep study.] He has
now opened mine,
And I see more than pleases me.

Ques. What is it?

Oct. Curse on this journey!

Ques. But why so? What is it?

Oct. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!

[Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.

Ques. What now? Where go you then?

Oct. To her herself.

Ques. To——

Oct. [interrupting him and correcting himself.] To
the Duke. Come, let us go—'Tis done,
'tis done,

I see the net that is thrown over him.

O! he returns not to me as he went.

Ques. Nay, but explain yourself.

Oct. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

Ques. But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,

That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

Oct. [*more collected.*] Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour

Which he appointed you for audience. Come!

A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

SCENE VI.—*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the DUKE OF FRIEDLAND.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

1st. Ser. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, “Stand to your arms!” They will be there in a minute.

2nd. Ser. Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

3rd. Ser. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

1st. Ser. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

2nd. Ser. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

Seni. [*with gravity.*] My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,

Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

1st. Ser. [*to the second.*] Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

Seni. [*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats.*] Eleven!
an evil number! Set twelve chairs.

Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

2nd. Ser. And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

Seni. Eleven is—transgression; eleven over-steps
The ten commandments.

2nd. Ser. That's good! and why do you call five a
holy number?

Seni. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

2nd. Ser. The foolish old coxcomb!

1st. Ser. Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear
him; there is more in his words than can be seen at
first sight.

3d. Ser. Off, they come.

2d. Ser. There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A Page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the DUKE's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*]

SCENE VII.—WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Wal. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

Duch. Yes, and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

Wal. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?

Duch. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

Wal. And did they guess the choice which I had
made ?

Duch. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

Wal. And you—what do *you* wish, Elizabeth ?

Duch. Your will, you know, was always mine.

Wal. [*after a pause.*] Well then,
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the Court ?

[*The DUCHESS casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent.*]

Hide nothing from me. How were you received ?

Duch. O ! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.

Wal. Ay ! is it so !
What, they were lax ? they failed of the old respect ?

Duch. Not of respect. No honours were omitted.
No outward courtesy ; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah ! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No ! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not *so*—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

Wal. Yes, yes ; they have ta'en offence. My
latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.

Duch. O that they had !

I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

Wal. Now she omitted it?

Duch. [*wiping away her tears after a pause.*] She
did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

Wal. [*seizes her hand soothingly.*] Nay, now collect
yourself,
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

Duch. [*shaking her head.*] I saw none.

Wal. Th' Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

Duch. Silent, silent!

Wal. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Hence-
forward

Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

Duch. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the Court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and——

Wal. [*eagerly.*] Lamormain! what said *he*?

Duch. That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of th' Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of—Ah!—

[*Stifling extreme emotion.*]

Wal.

Proceed!

Duch. I cannot utter it!

Wal.

Proceed!

Duch.

They talk—

Wal. Well!

Duch. Of a second—

[*Catches her voice and hesitates.*]

Wal.

Second—

Duch.

More disgraceful

—Dismission.

Wal.

Talk they?

[*Strides across the room in vehement agitation.*]

O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!

Duch. [*presses near to him, in entreaty.*] O! if there
yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O! let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,

And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it!—the swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us?

SCENE VIII.—*Enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, leading in her hand the PRINCESS THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliants. COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.*

Coun. How, sister? What already upon business,
[*Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.*
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.

Wal. Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duch. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.

Wal. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child

The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

Duch. [to THEKLA.] Thou wouldst not have recognised thy father,

Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight
years,

When last she saw your face.

Thek. O yes, yes, mother!

At the first glance!—My father is not altered.

The form that stands before me, falsifies

No feature of the image that hath lived

So long within me!

Wal. The voice of my child!

[Then after a pause.

I was indignant at my destiny

That it denied me a man-child, to be

Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,

And re-illumine my soon extinguished being,

In a proud line of princes.

I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head

So lovely in its maiden bloom will I

Let fall the garland of a life of war,

Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it

Transmitted to a regal ornament,

Around these beauteous brows.

[He clasps her in his arms, as PICCOLOMINI enters.

SCENE IX.—*Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT TERTSKY, the others remaining as before.*

Coun. There comes the Paladin who protected us.

Wal. Max. ! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert
thou

The morning star of my best joys!

Max.

My General——

Wal. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,

I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max. My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress,
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leaped forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!

[*TERTSKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE, which he breaks open hurryingly.*]

Coun. [*to MAX.*] Remunerate your trouble! For his joy

He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself for ever great and princely.

Thek. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving,
And making happy.

[*He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still increasing warmth.*]

How my heart pours out

Its all of thanks to him : O ! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name : in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me !

Coun. [who during this time has been anxiously watching the DUKE, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters.] My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wal. [turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the DUCHESS.] Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX. PICCOLOMINI offers the DUCHESS his arm, the COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.]

Ter. [calling after him.] Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.—WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wal. [in deep thought to himself.] She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notices.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already ;
It is the King of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son ! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now ! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—dispatch !

[As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives him a letter.]

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!

Ter. And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

Wal. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

Ter. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

Wal. And why so?

Ter. He says, you are never in earnest in your
speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

Wal. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! *we* want no such neighbours.

Ter. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of
land—

It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

Wal. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not
this.

Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths, these hunger-wolves,
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

Ter. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing

Wal. I *never* give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.

Ter. But how can it be *known* that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.

Wal. [after a pause during which he looks narrowly
on TERTSKY.] And from whence dost thou know

That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know *me* so well! When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever opened
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my *power*; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiselier than thy fellows.

Ter. So hast thou always played thy game with us.
[Enter ILLO.]

SCENE XI.—ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wal. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

Illo. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

Wal. How hath Isolan
Declared himself?

Illo. He's yours, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

Wal. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

Wal. You mean then I may venture somewhat with
them?

Illo. —If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

Wal. Not more assured of mine own self.

Ter. And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

Wal. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short

[*With an air of mystery.*]

To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

Illo. There is among them all but this one voice,
You *must* not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

Wal. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

Illo. Of course.

Wal. Their words of honour they must give, their
oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional*.

Illo. Why not?

Ter. Devotion *unconditional*?
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises.
With this reserve——

Wal. [*shaking his head.*] All *unconditional*!
No premises, no reserves.

Illo. A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsy give us a set banquet
This evening?

Ter. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

Illo. [*to Wallenstein.*] Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
Even as you wish.

Wal. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

Illo. And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition ;
Say, will you *then*—*then* will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck ?

Wal. The signatures !
Gain me the signatures.

Illo. Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O ! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once : and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple !
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,
Their kinglike leader ! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still ! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,

Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

Wal. The time is not yet come.

Ter. So you say always,
But *when* will it be time?

Wal. When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your VENUS! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is DOUBT.

Wal. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How
oft

And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou may'st but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou may'st see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—

These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and, standing still, proceeds.]

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity,
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

Page [entering.] My Lords, the Generals.
Wal. Let them come in.

SCENE XII.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO. — *To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

Wal. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weighed them,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the generals

Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble chieftains.

Ques. I am ready

To obey you ; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble chieftains, to consider,
The imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

Wal. We excuse all preface.

Ques. When his Majesty

The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest checked ! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy,
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquered King himself ;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

Wal. May't please you to the point.

Ques. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war ;
While the young Weimar hero forced his way

Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:
He superadds his own, and supplicates
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

Wal. Max., to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.

Max. He means
When we were in Silesia.

Wal. Ay! Is it so!
But what had we to do *there*?

Max. To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

Wal. True,
In that description which the minister gave
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[*To QUESTENBERG.*] Well, but proceed a little.

Ques. Yes! at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch

And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands ;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

Wal. [*laughs.*] I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.

Ques. So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

Wal. The troops were pitiaibly destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? Arn't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!

Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

But. Already a full year.

Wal. And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant*.*

Ques. Ah! this is a far other tone from that,
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

Wal. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honoured with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay

* The original is not translatable into English;

———Und sein *sold*
Mus dem *soldaten* warden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

"And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive."

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

The expenses of this war, that aggrandises
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offered up to their complaints,
Dismissed, degraded!

Ques. But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous diet.

Wal. Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal int'rest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandisement!
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

Ques. First, his imperial Majesty hath willed
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

Wal. In this season?
And to what quarter, wills the Emperor,
That we direct our course?

Ques. To the enemy.
His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
That Luth'ranism may be no longer preached
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

Wal. My generals,
Can this be realised?

Illo. 'Tis not possible.

But. It can't be realised.

Ques. The Emperor
Already hath commanded colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria!

Wal. What did Suys?

Ques. That which his duty prompted. He advanced!

Wal. What? he advanced! And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this th' obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
You be the judges, generals! What deserves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

Illo. [*raising his voice, as all but ILLO had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous.*] Death.

Wal. Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

Max. Pic. [*after a long pause.*] According to the
letter of the law,

Death.

Iso. Death.

But. Death, by the laws of war.

[*QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows ; all the rest rise.*]

Wal. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favour, 'twill arise
From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.

Ques. If so, I can say nothing further—*here!*

Wal. I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warrant of the *event*,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,

Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!

Ques. The Prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis th' Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

Wal. Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments!

Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should
be!

I see it coming.

Ques. There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!—

Wal. What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubdued to my control. To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me

Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a-tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy!
Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!

[Here there commences an agitation among the Generals which increases continually.]

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The monies they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in th' army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns. *[He seats himself.]*
Max. Pic. Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come
to this!

Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

Iso. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

Wal. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.

What then ? another chieftain is soon found,
 Another army likewise (who dares doubt it ?)
 Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
 At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO, and MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.]

Max. Pic. [busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them.] Hear, my commander!

Hear me, generals!

Let me conjure you, Duke ! Determine nothing,
 Till we have met and represented to you
 Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer ! Friends !
 I hope all may be yet set right again.

Ter. Away ! let us away ! in th' antechamber
 Find we the others.

[They go.]

But. [to QUESTENBERG.] If good counsel gain
 Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy !
 You will be cautious how you show yourself
 In public for some hours to come—or hardly
 Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.

[Comotions heard from without.]

Wal. A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio !
 Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
 Farewell, Von Questenberg !

[QUESTENBERG is about to speak.]

Nay, not a word,

Not one word more of that detested subject !
 You have performed your duty—We know how
 To separate the office from the man.

[As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in ; several other Generals following them.]

Goetz. Where's he who means to rob us of our
 general ?

Tief. [at the same time.] What are we forced to hear ?
 That thou wilt leave us ?

Kol. [*at the same time.*] We will live with thee, we
will die with thee.

Wal. [*pointing to ILLO.*] There! the Field-Marshal
knows our will. [*Exit.*

[*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO and TERTSKY.

Ter. Now for this evening's business! How intend
you

To manage with the generals at the banquet?

Illo. Attend! We frame a formal déclaration
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath nor duty,
We may be under to the Emp'ror.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.

Ter. How? think you then

That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle ?

Illo. We shall have caught and caged them! Let
them then

Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery,
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be ; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

Ter. Well, well, it shall content me ; let but some-
thing

Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

Ter. His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim ; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised ;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once——
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

Illo. He give up his old plans ! I'll tell you, friend !
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,

That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——

Ter. Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

Illo. Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The
work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show them-
selves.

Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

Ter. Do you go thither, *Illo.* I must stay
And wait here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

Illo. Yes! Yes!
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

Ter. A secret. Hush! she comes.

Exit ILLO.

SCENE II.—(*The COUNTESS steps out from a Closet.*) COUNT and
COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Ter. Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.

Coun. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.

Ter. I am not quite certain

I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broken from him on this point.
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best,
How far you dare proceed.

Coun.

I take it on me.

[Talking to herself, while she is advancing.]

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,* whom no one knows—No! no!—
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing—
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Fried-
land!

In her who is thy sister.—

Servant [enters.]

The commanders!

Ter. [to the Countess.] Take care you heat his fancy
and affections—

Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

Coun. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him
hither.

Ter. All rests upon his undersigning.

Coun. [interrupting him.] Go to your guests! Go——

Illo. [comes back.] Where art staying, Tertsy?
The house is full, and all expecting you.

* In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

Ter. Instantly! Instantly! [*To the COUNTESS.*] And
let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man——

Coun. A truce with your precautions!
[*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

SCENE III.—COUNTESS, MAX, PICCOLOMINI.

Max. [*peeping in on the stage, silyly.*] Aunt Tertsky!
may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him
with uneasiness.*]

She's not here!

Where is she?

Coun. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen.

Max. There lie her gloves!
[*Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.*]

You unkind lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

Coun. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

Max. O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits!

Coun. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

Max. But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?

Coun. Into *my* hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.

Max. Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentrate
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?

I find myself
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!

Coun. But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

Max. Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild unc customary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,

The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the* heaven's gate,
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, 'mid ecstatic worshippers,
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

Coun. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?

Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.

Coun. This morning the first time in twenty days?

Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where *you* had joined us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words:

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original.
—Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelsporte.

This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
 To-day, I must take leave of my good fortune.
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
 Lost in the many—"Speak with my Aunt Tertsky!"
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
 She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
 Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
 Did I control myself.

[*The PRINCESS THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.*]

With instant boldness
 I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers;
 There was a rustling in the room close by;
 It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
 You know.

Coun. [*after a pause, with a stolen glance at THEKLA.*]

And is it your excess of modesty;
 Or are you so incurious, that you do not
 Ask me too of my secret?

Max. Of *your* secret?

Coun. Why, yes! When in the instant after you
 I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,
 What she in this first moment of the heart
 Ta'en with surprise—

Max. [*with eagerness.*] Well!

SCENE IV.—THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX.
 PICCOLOMINI

Thek. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Spare yourself the
 trouble:
 That hears he better from myself.

Max. [*stepping backward.*] My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Tertsky?
Thek. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Has he been here long?
Coun. Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stayed so long?

Thek. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

Max. Now once again I have courage to look on
you.

To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved from me.

Thek. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father*!
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

Thek. Hush! not a word more of this mummery,
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
[*To the COUNTESS.*] He is not in spirits. Where-
fore is he not?

'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy !
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous, eloquent.
[*To MAX.*] It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise !

Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady !
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wer't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

Thek. Yes ; I confess to you
That many things delight me here : this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream !

Max. Alas ! not so to me,
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

Thek. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The inalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*]

In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen !
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

Coun. [*recollecting.*] And what

Can this be then ; methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

Thek. Ay, [*smiling.*] but the road thereto is watched
by spirits.

Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

Coun. [*laughs.*] The astrological tower!—How
happens it

That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach ?

Thek. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

Thek. He questioned me on many points ; for
instance,

When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

Coun. He wished

To erect a figure for your horoscope.

Thek. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With such sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

Coun. Well, Princess, and what found you in this
tower ?

My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away !

Thek. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in ; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me

In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars : all seemed to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars :
And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glittered silver bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star :
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace :
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths ; all these have vanished ;
They live no longer in the faith of reason !
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down : and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair !

Thek. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

Coun. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven ; and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate ;
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal : into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart ! Enough
Has he performed for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire ; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin ; Reichenberg,

And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
 Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
 Stretches the chase and covers of his forests :
 His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
 He can indulge without restraint ; can give
 A princely patronage to every art,
 And to all worth a Sovereign's protection ;
 Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

Coun. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
 Before you lay aside your arms, young friend !
 A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
 That you should woo and win her with the sword.

Max. O, that the sword could win her !

Coun. What was that ?
 Did you hear nothing ? Seemed, as if I heard
 Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

SCENE V.—THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Thek. [*as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in a quick low voice to PICCOLOMINI.*] Don't trust them !
 They are false !

Max. Impossible !

Thek. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
 They had a *purpose*.

Max. Purpose ! but what purpose ?
 And how can we be instrumental to it ?

Thek. I know no more than you ; but yet believe
 me :

There's some design in this ! to make us happy,
 To realise our union—trust me, love !
 They but pretend to wish it.

Max. But these Tertskeys—
 Why use we them at all ? Why not your mother ?

Excellent creature! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

Thek. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

Max. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!

Thek. [*falls on his neck.*] *That* are you!

Max. You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have lived ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent!—

You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

Thek. I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*]

Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertsksys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—
On our own hearts!

Max. O! shall we *e'er* be happy?

Thek. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul

A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me !
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates :
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it ?

SCENE VI.—*To them enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY.*

Coun. [*in a pressing manner.*] Come !
My husband sends me for you.—It is now
The latest moment. [*they not appearing to attend to
what she says, she steps between them.*]

Part you !

Thek. O, not yet !
It has been scarce a moment.

Coun. Ay ! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece !

Max. There is no hurry, aunt.

Coun. Away ! away !
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.

Thek. Ha ! his father ?

Coun. You understand *that*, niece !

Thek. Why needs he
To go at all to that society ?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.

Coun. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly
here ?

Thek. [*with energy.*] Yes ! you have hit it, aunt !
That is my meaning.

Leave him here wholly ! Tell the company—

Coun. What ? have you lost your senses, niece ?—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come !

Max. [to THEKLA.] Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

[THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.
What say you then, dear lady?

Thek. [without looking at him.] Nothing. Go!

Max. Can I, when you are angry——

[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*

Coun. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!
Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.—Off!

[*MAX. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.*

Thekla (plays and sings).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the *Alcaic* movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (*spielt und singt*).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.

SCENE VII.—COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

Coun. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,
It had been more befitting to have shown yourself
More chary of your person.

Thek. [*rising.*] And what mean you?

Coun. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten

Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.

Thek. What then?

Coun. That you are the daughter of the Prince
Duke Friedland.

Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Literal Translation.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on
the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she
sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is
dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish.
Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this
world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of
"The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret" has favoured me, and
which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old
ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

Thek. Well—and what farther?

Coun. What? a pretty question!

Thek. He was *born* that which we have but *become*.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.

Coun. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him
To honour with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

Thek. That will not be necessary.

Coun. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the
hazard.

Thek. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——

Coun. *His!*

His father! *his!* But yours, niece, what of yours?

Thek. Why I begin to think you fear his father.
So anxiously you hide it from the man!

His father, *his*, I mean.

Coun. [*looks at her as scrutinising.*] Niece, you are
false.

Thek. Are you then wounded? O, be friends
with me!

Coun. You hold your game for one already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—

Thek. [*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her.*]
Nay now, be friends with me.

Coun. It is not yet so far gone.

Thek. I believe you.

Coun. Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,

To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

Thek. That which he did not plant for me might
yet

Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

Coun. Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou seest thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self;
Meet and disarm necessity by choice,
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

Thek. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself

Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, wakened in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

Coun. That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

Thek. My fate hath shown me *him*, to whom be-
hoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

Coun. Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

Thek. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all *his*! *His* present—his alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

Coun. Thou wouldst oppose thy father then,
should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[*THEKLA remains silent. The COUNTESS continues.*]

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

Thek. *My* name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

Coun. What? he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.

But this can never, never be his will.
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, *if* that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[*Exit COUNTERS.*]

Thek. [*who, during the last speech, had been lost in her reflections.*] I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard.*]

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*]

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,
Many a dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,

*And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling fire brands at the burning edifice. [*Exit THEKLA.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A large Saloon lighted up with festal splendour ; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a fourth Table, with the same number of Persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in motion. The band of Music belonging to TERTSKY'S Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards him with a Paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Iso. Here, brother, what we love ! Why, where hast been ?

Off to thy place—quick ! Tertsy here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares ;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Egenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feudalities.
Be nimble, lad ! and something may turn up
For thee—who knows ? off—to thy place ! quick !
march !

* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy ; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of German I have added the original :

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

Tiefenbach and Goetz. [call out from the second and third tables.] Count Piccolomini!

Ter. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—

Read

This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

Max. [reads.] "Ingratis servire nefas."

Iso. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

Ter. No honest man will serve a thankless master.

Max. "Inasmuch as our supreme Commander the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in no-wise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* [These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.] In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

Ter. Now! — are you willing to subscribe this paper?

Iso. Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

Ter. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

Iso. [drawing *Max.* along.] Come, *Max.*

[Both seat themselves at their table.]

SCENE IX.—TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

Ter. [*beckons to NEUMANN, who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.*] Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.

It may be changed for the other?

Neu. I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.

Ter. Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—

[*NEUMANN lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*]

SCENE X.—ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERTSKY.

Illo. How goes it with young Piccolomini?

Ter. All right, I think. He has started no objection.

Illo. He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

Ter. How looks it at your table: you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?

Illo. O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted, too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,

Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

Ter.

And Butler?

How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.—*To them enter BUTLER from the second table.*

But.

Don't disturb yourselves.

Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.

Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,

[With an air of mystery.]

You may depend upon me.

Illo. [with vivacity.] May we, Butler?

But. With or without the clause, all one to me!

You understand me? My fidelity

The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!

Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,

As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain

The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,

As soon as it shall please him to become

His own lord.

Ter.

You would make a good exchange.

No stern economist, no Ferdinand,

Is he to whom you plight your services.

But. [with a haughty look.] I do not put up my fidelity

To sale, Count Tertsy! Half a year ago

I would not have advised you to have made me

An overture to that, to which I now

Offer myself of my own free accord.—

But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,

I bring myself together with my regiment.

And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,

The example which I give will not remain

Without an influence.

Illo.

Who is ignorant,

That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them ?

But. Ey ?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals !
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked *my* judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
Had driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends !
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.

Illo. Say,

And speak roundly, what are we to deem you ?

But. A friend ! I give you here my hand ! I'm yours
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs !
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
I lend it him ; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,
Here in the world ; nought know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.

Illo. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down
millions !

But. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climbed up,

Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
I love a fortune that is like my own.

Illo. All powerful souls have kindred witheach other.

But. This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

Ter. That's spoken like a man!

But. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come! to the company!

Ter. Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[Exeunt, each to his table.]

SCENE. XII.—*The Master of the Cellar advancing with NEUMANN,
Servants passing backwards and forwards.*

Mast. of the Cel. The best wine! O! if my old
mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild
goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave.
Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this
noble house! no end, no moderation! And this mar-
riage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a
very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it
bodes no good.

Neu. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment
the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

R

Mast. of the Cel. You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

1st Ser. [comes.] Burgundy for the fourth table.

Mast. of the Cel. Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask——

1st Ser. Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

Mast. of the Cel. [continuing his discourse to NEUMANN.] They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink.—[to the Servants.]—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Runner. [comes.] The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

Mast. of the Cel. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

Runner. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

Mast. of the Cel. [shaking his head, while he fetches and rinses the cup.] This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

Neu. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Mast. of the Cel. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

Neu. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Mast. of the Cel. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neu. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

Mast. of the Cel. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

Neu. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Mast. of the Cel. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

Neu. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter.

Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[*Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

Mast. of the Cel. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard!
Hurra!

[*Music strikes up.*

1st Ser. Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

2nd Ser. [*comes in running.*] Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

3rd Ser. The Swedish Chief Commander!

1st Ser. [*speaking at the same time.*] The Lutheran!

2nd Ser. Just before when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Mast. of the Cel. Poh, poh! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called.

2nd Ser. [*to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.*] Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way!—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

Run. [*hides it in his pocket.*] All right!

[*Exit the Second Servant.*]

3rd Ser. [*aside to the First.*] Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

1st Ser. For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

Mast. of the Cel. [*to NEUMANN.*] Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

Neu. Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

Mast. of the Cel. [*impatiently.*] Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these out-landish* fellows are little better than rogues.

Neu. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

Mast. of the Cel. [*taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.*] My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*TEERTSKY hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a Servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*]

Mast. of the Cel. [*to the Servants.*] The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the Guests come forward.*]

* There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "*Die welschen alle,*" &c. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—*Wallse nuces*, in German "*Welsch-nüsse.*"

SCENE XIII.—OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters in conversation with* MARADAS, *and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by* BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, *and* KOLATTO.

Iso. [*while the company is coming forward.*] Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

Goetz. [*to TIEFENBACH, making the usual compliment after meals.*] Noble brother!

Tief. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Goetz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

Tief. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

Oct. [*aside to MARADAS.*] Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation.

[*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*]

Iso. [*on the point of going.*] Lights! lights!

Ter. [*advances with the paper to ISOLANI.*] Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

Iso. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

Ter. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[*ISOLANI hands over the paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.*]

Ter. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[OCTAVIO runs over the paper with apparent indifference.
TERTSKY watches him at some distance.

Goetz. [to TERTSKY.] Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

Ter. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. [To the Servants.]—Ho!

Goetz. Excuse me—an't able.

Ter. A thimble-full!

Goetz. Excuse me.

Tief. [sits down.] Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

Ter. Consult only your own convenience, General!

Tief. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Iso. [pointing at his corpulence.] Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

[OCTAVIO subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to TERTSKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.

Tief. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Goetz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

Ter. [observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen.] Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it.

Iso. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERTSKY gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.

Oct. [*advancing to BUTLER*]. You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

But. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Oct. [*stepping nearer to him, friendly*]. Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

But. And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the mean time returns to OCTAVIO; all this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*]

Oct. [*introducing MARADAS to BUTLER*]. Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[*BUTLER bows.*]

Oct. [*continuing*]. You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. [*BUTLER makes a low bow.*] Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

But. [*coldly*]. Your obliged humble servant, My Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINIS, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*]

Oct. [*after having some time watched his son in*

silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.] You were long absent from us, friend!

Max. I——urgent business detained me.

Oct. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

Oct. May I be permitted to ask what business 'twas that detained you? *Tertsky* knows it without asking!

Max. What does *Tertsky* know?

Oct. He was the only one who did not miss you.

Iso. [*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up.*] Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

Ter. [*with the paper.*] Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

Oct. All.

Ter. [*calling aloud.*] Ho! Who subscribes?

But. [*to TERTSKY.*] Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

Ter. Here is a cross.

Tief. That's my mark.

Iso. He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

Oct. [*presses on to MAX.*] Come, General! let us go. It is late.

Ter. One Piccolomini only has signed.

Iso. [*pointing to MAX.*] Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[*MAX. receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks upon vacantly.*]

SCENE XIV.—*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking: GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*

Illo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and But. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

Illo. [*goes up to OCTAVIO and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*] Octavio! I bring this to you. Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. [*Embracing him repeatedly.*] You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

Ter. [*whispering to him.*] Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are!

Illo. [*aloud.*] What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? [*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*] Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven!

Ter. [*to BUTLER, eagerly.*] Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

But. [*to ILLO.*] Field Marshal! a word with you!

[*Leads him to the side-board.*]

Illo. A thousand for one; Fill—fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

Iso. [*to MAX. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes.*] Slow and sure, my noble brother?—Hast *parsed* it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?

Max. [*waking up as from a dream.*] What am I to do?

Ter. [*and at the same time ISOLANI.*] Sign your name. [OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.

Max. [*returns the paper.*] Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Ter. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Iso. Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Ter. [*to OCTAVIO.*] Use your influence. Instruct him.

Oct. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo. [*leaves the service-cup on the side-board.*] What's the dispute?

Ter. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

Max. Illo; good night!

Illo. No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends.

[*All collect round ILLO and MAX.*

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Ter. [*in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at ILLO's words give a sudden start, as preparing*

to resent them.] It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

Iso. [*with a bitter laugh.*] Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles*.

Illo. He who is not with me, is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso——

Ter. [*interrupting him.*] He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

Illo. [*raising his voice to the highest pitch.*] Unless they can slip out by a *proviso*. What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max. [*has his attention roused and looks again into the paper.*] What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Ter. [*in a low voice to ILLO.*] What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

Tief. [*to KOLATTO.*] Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Goetz. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Iso. What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

Tief. Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

But. [*to one of the Commanders.*] For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

Iso. [*to one of the Generals.*] Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

Ter. [*to GOETZ.*] Or when he gave you the office of army purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so, I am his man.

Tief. Softly, softly ! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max. [*having read the paper gives it back.*] Till to-morrow, therefore !

Illo. [*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to MAX. with one hand, and his sword in the other.*] Subscribe—Judas !

Iso. Out upon you, Illo !

Oct. Ter. But. [*all together.*] Down with the sword !

Max. [*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to COUNT TERTSKY.*] Take him off to bed.

[*MAX. leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Mansion. It is Night.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. A Valet de Chambre, with Lights.

Oct. —And when my son comes in conduct him hither.

What is the hour ?

Valet. 'Tis on the point of morning.

Oct. Set down the light. We mean not to undress. You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit Valet. OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the Chamber.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.

Max. Art thou offended with me ? Heaven knows That odious business was no fault of mine.

'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

Oct. [*goes up to him and embraces him.*] Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

Max. Declare thyself less darkly.

Oct. I will do so,
For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*]

Max. Piccolomini! what think'st thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

Oct. And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

Max. It was a serious business—I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

Oct. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

Oct. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

Max. I know not what thou meanest.

Oct. I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

Max. [*rises.*] Octavio!

Oct. Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years

Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom :
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

Max.

My father!

Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought!
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

Oct. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this
light,

The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,

[Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.]

Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

[MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground, embarrassed.]

Oct. *[After a pause.]* Know, then, they are duping
thee!—a most foul game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army :
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy!

Max. That low priest's legend I know well, but
did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

Oct. That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

Max. How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke ;
What, he can meditate ?—the Duke ?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do .
A deed that brands them scoundrels ?

Oct. Such a deed
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No wise desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates *this* peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will *force* him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia !

Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him ?

Oct. What *we would* think is not the question
here.

The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs !
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp ! All bands are loosed—

Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles ;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitor's poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No ; from his own troops hide and hurry them !

Max. Cease, cease ! thou torturest, shatter'st me.

I know

That oft we tremble at an empty terror ;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

Oct. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over ;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strong holds are entrusted ;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up : to Tertsky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

Max. Likewise to both of us.

Oct. Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the principedoms, Glatz
And Sagan ; and too plain I see the angle
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

Max.

No! no!

I tell thee—no!

Oct. O open yet thine eyes!

And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and,
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof!
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fettered.

Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

Oct. And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

Max. That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

Oct. It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter

A faith so specious ; but I may not spare thee !

For this is not a time for tenderness.

Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.

I therefore will confess to thee, that all

Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all

Which seems to thee so unbelievable,

That—yes, I will tell thee—[*A pause.*] Max ! I had it all.

From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

Max. [*in excessive agitation.*] No !—no !—never !

Oct. Himself confided to me

What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered

By other means—himself confided to me,

That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes ;

And, at the head of the united armies,

Compel the Emperor——

Max. He is passionate,

The Court has stung him—he is sore all over

With injuries and affronts ; and in a moment

Of irritation, what if he, for once,

Forgot himself ? He's an impetuous man.

Oct. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me :

And having construed my astonishment

Into a scruple of his power, he showed me

His written evidences—showed me letters,

Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave

Promise of aidance, and defin'd th' amount.

Max. It cannot be !—can not be ! *can* not be !

Dost thou not see, it cannot !

Thou wouldest of necessity have shown him

Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he

Had tak'n thee for his better genius, or

Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

Oct. I have laid open my objections to him,

Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness ;

But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

Max. And *thou* hast been
So treacherous! That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

Oct. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

Max. Uprightness merited his confidence.

Oct. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

Oct. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

Max. That he did not, evinc'd his confidence.

Oct. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

Max. It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!

Oct. [*suppressing resentment.*] As yet thou know'st
not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.

[*After a pause.*

Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

Max. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

Oct. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
With light tread Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission;
He brought with him a *private* one, my son!
And that was for me only.

Max. May I know it?

Oct. [*seizes the patent.*]

Max.!

[*A pause.*

—In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:

A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the *wish*.—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him——

Max. Father——

Oct. O my son,
I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

Max. According
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.]

Max. What? how? a full Imperial patent!

Oct. Read it.

Max. [*just glances on it.*] Duke Friedland sentenced
and condemned!

Oct. Even so.

Max. [*throws down the paper.*] O this is too much!
O unhappy error!

Oct. Read on. Collect thyself.

Max. [*after he has read further, with a look of
affright and astonishment on his father.*] How!
what! Thou! thou!

Oct. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.

Max. And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.

This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
 The mighty in the middle of his host,
 Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
 Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all
 of us.

Oct. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
 In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
 Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
 And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
 The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
 Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
 Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
 The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
 Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
 And then immediately——

Max. What! on suspicion?
 Immediately?

Oct. The Emperor is no tyrant.
 The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
 The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
 Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
 He will be silently displaced from office,
 And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
 An honourable exile to his castles
 Will be a benefaction to him rather
 Than punishment. But the first open step——

Max. What callest thou such a step? A wicked
 step
 Ne'er will he take; but thou might'st easily,
 Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

Oct. Nay, howsoever punishable were
 Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
 Which he hath taken openly, permit
 A mild construction. It is my intention
 To leave this paper wholly unforced

Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of a high treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

Max. But who the judge?

Oct. Thyself.

Max. For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

Oct. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be
proved.

After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with *us* ;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou deliverdst to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
Remains unknown ; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to
action

Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

Oct. Is it possible ? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence ?

Max. [*with enthusiasm.*] Thy judgment may
mistake ; my heart can not.

[*Moderates his voice and manner.*]

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine ;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith :
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses !
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud

Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

Oct. I will await it.

SCENE II.—OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To them the
Valet of the Chamber.

Oct. How now, then?

Val. A dispatch is at the door.

Oct. So early? From whom comes he then? Who
is it?

Val. That he refused to tell me.

Oct. Lead him in:

And hark you—let it not transpire.

[Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.]

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?

Give me your letters.

Cor. The Lieutenant-General

Trusted it not to letters.

Oct. And what is it?

Cor. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly
here?

Oct. My son knows all.

Cor. We have him.

Oct. Whom?

Cor. Sesina,

The old negotiator.

Oct. [eagerly.] And you have him?

Cor. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrandt
Found and secured him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.

Oct. And the dispatches—

Cor. The Lieutenant-General

Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

Oct. This is, indeed, a tidings!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Inclosing weighty things—Was much found on him?

Cor. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's
arms.

Oct. None in the Duke's own hand?

Cor. Not that I know.

Oct. And old Sesina?

Cor. He was sorely frightened,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.

Oct. Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

Cor. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

Oct. In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?

Cor. I wait your orders.

Oct. Remain till evening.

[*Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*

No one saw you—ha?

Cor. No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

Oct. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall dispatch you. The developement
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,

Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[*Exit Cornet.*]

SCENE III.—OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Oct. Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;

For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

Max. [*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved.*] I will procure me light a shorter way. Farewell.

Oct. Where now?—Remain here.

Max. To the Duke.

Oct. [*alarmed.*] What——

Max. [*returning.*] If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——

Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.

My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:

Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me——

As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience

With such low pleas as these:—"I ask'd him not——

He did it all at his own hazard—and

My *mouth* has never lied to him."—No, no!

What a friend takes me for, that I must be:

—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended

Will I demand of him that he do save

His good name from the world, and with one stride

Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.

He can, he will;—*I* still am his believer.

Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters

May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.

How far may not this Tertsy have proceeded——

What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.

Oct. Thou wilt?

Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.

Oct. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have bless'd the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty:—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state policy.

Max. Ay—this state policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,

I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For this great monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.
[During his exit the curtain drops.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments.—Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of a different colour on its head, stand in a semi-circle in the background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye.—The remainder of the Scene, and its disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.*

[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]

WALLENSTEIN at a black table, on which a *Speculum Astrologicum* is described with chalk. SENI is taking observations through a window.

Wal. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—
Come,

The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

Seni. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising :
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

Wal. She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[Contemplating the figure on the table.]

Auspicious aspect ! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate ;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into *my* service that old mischief-founder ;
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

Seni. *[who has come down from the window.]* And in a
corner house, your Highness—think of that !
That makes each influence of double strength.

Wal. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the veh'ment—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo ! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

Wal. The empire of Saturnus is gone by :
Lord of the secret birth of things is he ;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths

Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

[There are knocks at the door.]

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

Tertsky. [from without.] Open, and let me in.

Wal. Ay—'tis Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

Ter. [from without.] Lay all aside at present, I
entreat you.

It suffers no delaying.

Wal. Open, Seni!

*[While SENI opens the doors for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN
draws the curtain over the figures.]*

Ter. [enters.] Hast thou already heard it? He is
taken.

Galas has given him up to the Emperor.

[SENI draws off the black table and exit.]

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wal. [to Tertsky.] Who has been taken?—Who is
given up?

Ter. The man who knows our secrets, who knows
every

Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and every thing has passed—

Wal. [*drawing back.*] Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No!
I entreat thee.

Ter. All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole
packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.—*To them enters ILLO.*

Illo. [*to TERTSKY.*] Has he heard it?

Ter. He has heard it.

Illo. [*to WALLENSTEIN.*] Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emp'ror, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must
press!

Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

Ter. They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

Wal. Of my handwriting—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

Illo. And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

Ter. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink
thee,
How far thou venturedst by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?

If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

Illo. Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

Wal. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

Illo. The army, Duke, *is* thine now — for this
moment—

'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after th' other——

Wal. 'Tis a cursed accident!

Illo. O, I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
The Swedish General——

Wal. He's arrived! Know'st thou
What his commission is——

Illo. To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

Wal. A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent:

T

Ter. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will *he*, that dastardling, have strength enough——

Wal. [*lost in thought.*] Their confidence is lost—
irreparably!

And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——

Illo. Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion——

Wal. [*pacing up and down in extreme agitation.*]

What! I must realise it now in earnest,
Because I toyed too freely with the thought?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I *must* realise it now——

Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place?

Illo. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

Wal. [*looking at the paper of signatures.*] I have the
Generals' word—a written promise!

Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

Ter. It was——he fancied——

Illo. Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

Wal. He is quite right—there needeth no such
thing,

The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

Illo. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy

To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

Wal. I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.

Illo. [*eagerly to TERTSKY.*] Go, call him!
He stands without the door in waiting.

Wal. Stay!

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

Illo. First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

SCENE IV.—WALLENSTEIN.

Wal. [*in soliloquy.*] Is it possible?
Is't so? I *can* no longer what I *would*!
No longer draw back at my liking! I
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open!
By the great God of Heaven! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not

The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

[Pauses, and remains in deep thought.]

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the cov'rings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand *dumb*.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Nought but a sudden *rent* can liberate me.

[Pauses again.]

How else! since that the heart's unbiassed instinct

Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
Stern is the on-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder many a human hand
Grasps the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

[Paces in agitation through the Chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.]

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himself of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being, that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!

For of the wholly common is man made,
 And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
 Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
 House furniture, the dear inheritance
 From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
 And what is grey with age becomes religion.
 Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
 And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[To the Page, who here enters.]

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

[The Page exit, WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.]

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
 Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.—WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

Wal. [after having fixed a searching look on him.]
 Your name is Wrangel?

Wran. Gustave Wrangel, General
 Of the Sudermanian Blues.

Wal. It was a Wrangel
 Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
 And by his brave resistance was the cause
 Of th' opposition which that sea-port made.

Wran. It was the doing of the element
 With which you fought, my lord! and not my merit.
 The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
 The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
 One and the same.

Wal. [makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself.] And where are your credentials?
 Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

Wran. There are so many scruples yet to solve——

Wal. [*having read the credentials.*] An able letter!

—Ay—he is a prudent,

Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!

The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils

His late departed Sovereign's own idea

In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

Wran. He says the truth. Our great king, now in heaven,

Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's

Pre-eminent sense and military genius;

And always the commanding Intellect,

He said, should have command, and be the king.

Wal. Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,
[*Taking his hand affectionately.*]

Come, fair and open—Trust me, I was always

A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience

Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;

I had you often in my power, and let you

Always slip out by some back door or other.

'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,

Which drives me to this present step: and since

Our interests so run in one direction,

E'en let us have a thorough confidence

Each in the other.

Wran. Confidence will come,
Has each but only first security.

Wal. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;

And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly

To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks

If I can play false with the Emperor,

Who is my sovereign, I can do the like

With th' enemy, and that *the one* too were

Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.

Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

Wran. I have here an office merely, no opinion.

Wal. The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,

I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

Wran. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. [After a pause.

What may have impelled
Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticise.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,

This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning ;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

Wal. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

Wran. Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-
chief,

To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith
You called an army forth, like a creation ;
But yet——

Wal. But yet?

Wran. But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one-sixtieth part of them——

Wal. What now? Out with it, friend?

Wran. To break their oaths.

Wal. And he thinks *so*?—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are int'rested
About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

Wran. Great God in Heaven! Have then the
people here

No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

Wal. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,
That calls itself th' Imperial, this that houses
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to wnom belongs
Nothing, except the universal sun.

Wran. But then the nobles and the officers?
Such a desertion, such a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's history.

Wal. They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally, mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

*[He gives him the paper containing the written oath. WRANGEL
reads it through, and having read it, lays it on the table,
remaining silent.]*

So then?

Now comprehend you?

Wran. Comprehend who can!
My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!
I've full powers for a final settlement.

The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders *I* give out, immediately
We're compromised.

Wal. What asks the Chancellor?

Wran. [*considerately.*] Twelve regiments, every
man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——

Wal. [*starting.*] Sir Swede!

Wran. [*calmly proceeding.*] Am therefore forced
T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with th' Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

Wal. Come, brief and open! what is the demand?

Wran. That he forthwith disarm the Spanish
reg'ments
Attached to th' Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

Wal. That is much indeed!
Prague! — Egra's granted — But — but Prague! —
'Twon't do.

I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.

Wran. We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

Wal. 'Tis but reasonable.

Wran. And till we are indemnified, so long

Stays Prague in pledge.

Wal. Then trust you us so little ?

Wran. [*rising.*] The Swede, if he would treat
well with the German,

Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire

From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.

But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.—

Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.

No no ! my Lord Duke ! no !—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our king by the great Stone.*

No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our monarch conquered for himself, and died.

Wal. Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

Wran. But when the common enemy lies
vanquished,

Who knits together our new friendship then ?

We know, Duke Friedland ! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t'have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.

Who is our warranty, that *we* are not

* A great stone near Lutzen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

Wal. [*rises.*] Think you of something better,
Gustave Wrangel!

Of Prague no more.

Wran. Here my commission ends.

Wal. Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liefer would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.

Wran. If time yet permits——

Wal. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

Wran. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer since Sesina is a prisoner.

[WALLENSTEIN is struck, and silenced.]

My Lord Duke hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us.
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

Wal. You,
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.

Wran. I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

Wal. Ye press me hard. A measure such as this,
Ought to be *thought of*.

Wran. Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[*Exit WRANGEL.*]

SCENE VI.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

Illo. Is't all right?

Ter. Are you compromised?

Illo. This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

Wal. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

Ter. How? What is that?

Wal. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!

Ter. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?

Wal. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes, I could not bear it.

Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII.—*To these Enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.*

Wal. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

Coun. I am come to bid you joy.

Wal. Use thy authority, Tertsy, bid her go.

Coun. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

Wal. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

Coun. I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

Wal. [*sarcastically.*] They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

Coun. [*to the others.*] Ha! what new scruple?

Ter. The Duke will not.

Coun. He will not what he must!

Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am
silenced,

When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.

Coun. How? then, when all
Lay in the far off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realised,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

Servant [*enters.*] The Colonel Piccolomini.

Coun. [*hastily.*] —Must wait.

Wal. I cannot see him now. Another time.

Ser. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

Wal. Who knows what he may bring us? I will
hear him.

Coun. [*laughs.*] Urgent for him, no doubt; but
thou mayest wait.

Wal. What is it?

Coun. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Wal. If there were yet a choice ! if yet some milder Way of escape were possible—I still Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

Coun. Desir'st thou nothing further ? Such a way Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off. Forget thou thy old hopes ; cast far away All thy past life ; determine to commence A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too, As well as fame and fortune.—To Vienna—Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne ; Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud, Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty ; Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

Illo. For that too 'tis too late. They know too much. He would but bear his own head to the block.

Coun. I fear not that. They have not evidence To attain him legally, and they avoid The avowal of an arbitrary power. They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance. I see how all will end. The King of Hungary Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself Be understood, that then the Duke retires. There will not want a formal declaration. The young king will administer the oath To the whole army ; and so all returns To the old position. On some morrow morning The Duke departs ; and now 'tis stir and bustle Within his castles. He will hunt, and build, Superintend his horses' pedigrees ; Creates himself a court, gives golden keys, And introduceth strictest ceremony In fine proportions, and nice etiquette ; Keeps open table with high cheer ; in brief, Commenceth mighty king—in miniature. And while he prudently demeans himself,

And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes ;
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty prince to his last dying hour ?
Well now, what then ? Duke Friedland is as others
A fire-new noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favour,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes baron or makes prince.

Wal. [*in extreme agitation.*] Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

Coun. Art thou in earnest ? I entreat thee ! Canst
thou

Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up ?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height
To end in such a nothing ! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
But to become a nothing, having been——

Wal. [*starts up in violent agitation.*] Show me a way
out of this stifling crowd,
Ye powers of aidance ! Show me such a way
As *I* am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler ;
I cannot warm by thinking ; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously : “Go ; I need thee not.”
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme ;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those

Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after-ages speak my name
With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed !

Coun. What is there here, then,
So against nature ? Help me to perceive it !
O let not superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit ! Art thou bid
To murder ?—with abhorred accursed poignard,
To violate the breasts that nourished thee ?
That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken ;—
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous ?
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland !

Duke !

Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life ?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify ?

Wal. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me :
He loved me ; he esteemed me ; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banquetted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the basin
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this ?

Coun. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
And hast no memory for contumelies ?
Must I remind thee, how at Regenspurg

U

This man repaid thy faithful services ?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst
 loaded on thee,
On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany ;
And why ? because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round
 him

At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropped thee !
He let thee fall ! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent !
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes.
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
Say not, the restoration of thy honour
Hath made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee,
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

Wal. Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office ; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

Coun. Affection ! confidence !—They *needed* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant !
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.

For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets ! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

Wal. 'Tis true ! they saw me always as I am—
Always ! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

Coun. Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint ;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Entrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,

All to extend thy Sultan's domination ?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no ! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience ;
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition !

Wal. [*rising.*] I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.

Coun. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it,
Friedland !)

The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and opportunity.
That opportunity, lo ! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds ; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes—
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time !" The starry courses
Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose ?
The quadrant and the circle were they playthings ?

[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,

Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision?—

Wal. [during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess.]
Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Dispatch three couriers—

Illo. [hurrying out.] God in heaven be praised!

Wal. It is his evil genius and mine.
Our evil genius! It chastises him
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less, than that Revenge
E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poignard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark Misgiving,
An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—
Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent.

[To TERTSKY.

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And dispatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.
No exultation!—woman, triumph not!

For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Incroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.
[While he is making his exit the curtain drops.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*As in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI

Wal. [coming forward in conversation.] He sends
me word from Linz, that he lies sick ;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready ;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lov'st to linger on in fair appearances ;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses :
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—

Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.

Oct. [to his son.] I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. [advances to him.] My General!

Wal. That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

Wal. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

Max. And thou wilt leave the army?

Wal. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

[He seats himself.]

Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favour.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards;
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.

[He stops himself expecting PICCOLOMINI'S answer.]

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[He rises, and retires at the back of the stage. MAX. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion WALLENSTEIN returns, and places himself before him.]

Max. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wal. Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixt star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,

The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wal.

Max., hear me.

Max. O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wal. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. O that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *Keep*,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,

And glorious ; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest ;
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

Wal. [*grasps his hand.*] Calmly, *Max.*!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, *Max.*, by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings :
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them :
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light ;
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
Th' excess of action ; but to thee, my General !
Above *all* others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then ! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel :
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.

But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——

Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different;
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!

[WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation.*

Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wal. It is too late. Thou know'st not what has
happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st,
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wal. It is too late! Even now, while thou art
losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[*MAX. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance
expressing the most intense anguish.*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—no—*thou* canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,

With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

[MAX. quits him abruptly. WALLENSTEIN, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERTSKY enters.]

SCENE III.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Ter. MAX. Piccolomini just left you?

Wal. Where is Wrangel?

Ter. He is already gone.

Wal. In such a hurry?

Ter. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.

He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanished.

Illo. [*enters.*] Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?

Ter. How, Octavio! Whither send him!

Wal. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

Illo. No!

Nay, Heaven forbid!

Wal. And why should Heaven forbid?

Illo. Him!—that deceiver! Would'st thou trust
to him

The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us——

Ter. Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee,
no!

Wal. Ye are whimsical.

Illo. O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

Wal. And why should I not trust him only this
time,

Who have always trusted him? What, then, has
happened,

That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

Ter. Must it be he—he only! Send another.

Wal. It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well-fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

Illo. Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

Wal. I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

Illo. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was
always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

Wal. It happened with my knowledge and permission.

Illo. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas——

Wal. That's not true.

Illo. O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.

Wal. Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

Illo. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not
false?

Wal. There exist moments in the life of man
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars
And as on some great number set their All
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction :

Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee.”
I yearned to know which one was faithfullest
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love :
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !
Then was my horse killed under me : I sank :
And over me away all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm
It was Octavio’s—I awoke at once,
’Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
“My brother,” said he, “do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you’re wont ; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother !
In love to me. A strong dream warned me so.”
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier’s dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

Illo. That was a chance.

Wal. [*significantly.*] There’s no such thing as chance.
In brief, ’tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more.

[*He is retiring.*]

Ter. This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

Illo. And he shall never stir from here alive.

Wal. [*stops and turns himself round.*] Are ye not
like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour ?

Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which, they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human *kernel* first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Dwelling-house.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI (*entering*).

Iso. Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

Oct. [*with an air of mystery.*] But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

Iso. [*with the same air of mystery.*] Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about

To make th' attempt? In me, friend, you may place Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

Oct. That may happen.

Iso. Noble brother, I am Not one of those men who in words are valiant, And when it comes to action skulk away. The Duke has acted t'wards me as a friend. God knows it is so; and I owe him all—— He may rely on my fidelity.

Oct. That will be seen hereafter.

Iso. Be on your guard, All think not as I think; and there are many Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say That those stol'n signatures bind them to nothing.

Oct. I am rejoiced to hear it.

Iso. You rejoice!

Oct. That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants, And loving friends.

Iso. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

Oct. I am assured already. God forbid
Tha I should jest!—In very serious earnest
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.

Iso. The devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?

Oct. That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of th' Emperor.

Iso. [*with an air of defiance.*] That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

Oct. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

Iso. [*stammering.*] Why,—why—what! This is the
Emperor's hand and seal! [*Reads.*

"Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.
As from ourselves."——*Hem!*—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General!

Oct. And you submit you to the order?

Iso. I——
But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one *must* have——

Oct. Two minutes.

Iso. My God! But then the case is——

Oct. Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

Iso. Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of
treason?

Oct. That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to th' Emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

Iso. What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

Oct. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

Iso. Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

Oct. And you renounce the Duke then?

Iso. If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

Oct. And are determined, too, to fight against him?

Iso. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.

Oct. I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in th' utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

Iso. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well disposed you found me.

Oct. I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit ISOLANI. A Servant enters.*]

What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.

Iso. [*returning.*] Forgive me too my bearish ways,
old father!

Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

Oct. No excuses!

Iso. I am a merry lad, and if at time

A rash word might escape me 'gainst the Court
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant.

[*Exit.*

Oct. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V.—OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

But. At your command, Lieutenant-General.

Oct. Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.

But. You do me too much honour.

Oct. [*after both have seated themselves.*] You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

But. 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

Oct. True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count
Galas

Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

But. His words were lost on me.

Oct. It grieves me sorely,
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

But. Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

Oct. The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With th' enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To th' enemy. But he deceives himself;
For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognise in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot.

But. [*rises.*] His lot is mine.

Oct. Is that your last resolve?

But. It is.

Oct. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly uttered word remains interred.
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party:
You have not chosen the right one.

But. [*going.*] Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant-general?

Oct. See your white hairs! Recall that word!

But. Farewell!

Oct. What would you draw this good and gallant
sword

In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earned
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

But. [*laughing with bitterness.*] Gratitude from the
House of Austria. [*He is going.*]

Oct. [*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls
after him.*] Butler!

But. What wish you?

Oct. How was't with the Count?

But. Count? what?

Oct. [*coldly.*] The title that you wished I mean.

But. [*starts in sudden passion.*] Hell and damnation!

Oct. [*coldly.*] You petitioned for it—

And your petition was repelled—Was it so?

But. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.
Draw!

Oct. Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me
calmly,

How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

But. Be the whole world acquainted with the
weakness

For which I never can forgive myself.

Lieutenant-general! Yes—I have ambition.

Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.

It stung me to the quick, that birth and title

Should have more weight than merit has in th' army.

I would fain not be meaner than my equal,

So in an evil hour I let myself

Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!

But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.

It might have been refused; but wherefore barb

And venom the refusal with contempt?

Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn

The grey-haired man, the faithful Veteran?

Why to the baseness of his parentage

Refer him with such cruel roughness, only

Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself!

But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

Oct. You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service?

But. Be't who it will — a most low-hearted
scoundrel,

Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!

Oct. But tell me! Did the Duke approve that
measure?

But. Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

Oct. Ay? Are you sure of that?

But. I read the letter.

Oct. And so did I—but the contents were different.

[BUTLER is suddenly struck.]

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[He gives him the letter.]

But. Ha! what is this?

Oct. I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the Minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

[BUTLER reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a
chair, and sinks down in it.]

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished



To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne’er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

But. [*his voice trembling.*] Can e’er the Emperor’s
Majesty forgive me?

Oct. More than forgive you. He would fain
compensate

For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

[*BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.*

Oct. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

But. Take it.

Oct. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

But. O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

Oct. Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

But. — Perjure myself to such a gracious
Sovereign!

Oct. You’ll make amends. Quick! break off from
the Duke!

But. Break off from him!

Oct. What now? Bethink thyself.

But. [no longer governing his emotion.] Only break off from him?—He dies! he dies!

Oct. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now All who are loyal are assembling under Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others I've brought to a remembrance of their duty. This night be sure, that you escape from Pilsen.

But. [BUTLER strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to OCT. with resolved countenance.] Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

Oct. He who repents so deeply of it, dares.

But. Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

Oct. What's your design?

But. Leave me and my regiment.

Oct. I have full confidence in you. But tell me What are you brooding?

But. That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over not to his good angel!
Farewell.

[Exit BUTLER.]

Ser. [enters with a billet.] A stranger left it,
and is gone.
The Prince-duke's horses wait for you below.

[Exit Servant.]

Oct. [reads.] "Be sure, make haste! Your faithful
Isolan."

—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
Away! this is no longer a safe place for me!
Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.—OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.—MAX. enters in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.

Oct. [*advances to MAX.*] I am going off, my son.

[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*

My son, farewell.

Max. Farewell.

Oct. Thou wilt soon follow me?

Max. I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[OCTAVIO drops his hand, and starts back.

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.

He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:

He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice

Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?

O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!

Thou misery-making demon, it is thou

That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,

Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!

Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!

Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!

But thou hast acted not much better.

Oct. Son!

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

Max. [*rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion.*] Was't possible? had'st thou the heart,
my father,

Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.

Oct. God in Heaven!

Max. O woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all what I e'er loved or honoured.
No! No! Not all! She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the heavens!
Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is now our love,
The only unprofaned in human nature.

Oct. *Max.*!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

Max. What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no, never!

Oct. Spare thyself

The pang of necessary separation.

Come with me! Come, my son!

[Attempts to take him with him.]

Max. No! as sure as God lives, no!

Oct. [*more urgently.*] Come with me, I command
thee! I, thy father.

Max. Command me what is human. I stay here.

Oct. *Max.*! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

Max. No Emperor has power to prescribe
Laws to the heart! and would'st thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!

She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the departed soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

Oct. Thou will not tear thyself away; thou canst
not.

O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

Max. Squander^d not thou thy words in vain.

The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

Oct. [*trembling and losing all self-command.*] *Max.*!

Max.! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think* it?)
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

Max. O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,
Who has no faith.

Oct. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

Max. The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—
as little

Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

Oct. O, *Max.*! I see thee never more again!

Max. Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

Oct. I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.

They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

Max. Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

Oct. Farewell, my son !

Max. Farewell !

Oct. How ? not one look
Of filial love ? No grasp of th' hand at parting ?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so !
Is it then true, I have a son no longer ?

[*MAX. falls into his arms ; they hold each for a long time in a
speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.*]

The Curtain drops.

THE
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.
A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

LADY NEUBRUNN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*

MAJOR GERALDIN.

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.*

SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

SEN.

BURGOMASTER of Egra.

ANSPESSADE of the Cuirassiers.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } *belonging to the Duke.*

A PAGE,

Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Servants.

Act III i

THE
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the House of the DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND.*
COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN. (*The two latter sit at the same table at work.*)

Coun. [*watching them from the opposite side.*] So you
have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?

[*THEKLA remaining silent, the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.*

Why comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

Thek. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

Coun. And not heard from him either? Come, be
open!

Thek. No syllable.

Coun. And still you are so calm?

Thek. I am.

Coun. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!

[*Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.*

SCENE II.—*The Countess, THEKLA.*

Coun. It does not please me, Princess ! that he holds Himself so *still*, exactly at *this* time.

Thek. Exactly at *this* time ?

Coun. He now knows all.

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

Thek. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

Coun. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us. Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart Is now no more in nonage : for you love, And boldness dwells with love—that *you* have proved. Your nature moulds itself upon your father's More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

Thek. Enough ! no further preface, I entreat you. At once out with it ! Be it what it may, It is not possible that it should torture me More than this introduction. What have you To say to me ? Tell me the whole and briefly !

Coun. You'll not be frightened—

Thek. Name it, I entreat you.

Coun. It lies within your power to do your father A weighty service—

Thek. Lies within *my* power ?

Coun. Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him Indissolubly to your father.

Thek. I ?

What need of me for that ? And is he not Already linked to him ?

Coun. He was.

Thek. And wherefore Should he not be so now—not be so always ?

Coun. He cleaves to th' Emperor too.

Thek. Not more than duty
And honour may demand of him.

Coun. We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.
Duty and honour!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honour.

Thek. How?

Coun. Th' Emperor or you must he renounce.

Thek. He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

Coun. He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

Thek. He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.

Coun. You will not understand me. Well, hear then!
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—

Thek. Alas, my mother!

Coun. There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

Thek. Ah,
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.

Coun. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.

Y

The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety ; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

Thek. O my foreboding bosom ! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror !
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp ;
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
A heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself ? My mother ! O my mother !

Coun. Calm yourself ! Break not out in vain
lamenting !
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

Thek. Prove good ? What good ?
Must we not part ? Part ne'er to meet again ?

Coun. He parts not from you. He can not part
from you.

Thek. Alas for his sore anguish ! It will rend
His heart asunder.

Coun. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.

Thek. His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that ! A resolution !
Does there remain one to be *taken* ?

Coun. Hush !
Collect yourself ! I hear your mother coming.

Thek. How shall I bear to see her ?

Coun. Collect yourself.



SCENE III.—*To them enter the DUCHESS.*

Duch. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Who was here, sister? I
heard some one talking,
And passionately too.

Coun. Nay! There was no one.

Duch. I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send th' horse regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer?

Coun. No, he has not.

Duch. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;
The accursed business of the Regensburg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!

Coun. No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[*THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her
Mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*]

Duch. Yes, my poor child!
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In th' Empress. O that stern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings

the man's state

Presignify unhappiness to thee,
 Nor blacken with their shade the *fate* that waits thee.
 There lives no second Friedland; thou, my child,
 Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

Thek. O let us supplicate ~~him~~, dearest mother! *flee*
 Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.
 Here every coming hour broods into life
 Some new affrightful monster.

Duch. Thou wilt share
 An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
 I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
 Still think I with delight of those first years,
 When he was making progress with glad effort,
 When his ambition was a genial fire,
 Not that consuming *flame* which now it is.
 The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all
 He undertook could not but be successful.
 But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
 Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
 A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
 Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
 His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
 Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
 To his old luck, and individual power;
 But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
 All to those cloudy sciences, which never
 Have yet made happy him who followed them.

Coun. You see it, sister! as *your* eyes permit
 you.
 But surely this is not the conversation
 To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
 You know he will be soon here. Would you have
 him
 Find *her* in this condition?

Duch. Come, my child!

Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

Coun. That is he, sister!

Thek. [*to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits.*] Aunt, you will excuse me? [*Is going.*]

Coun. But whither? See, your father comes.

Thek. I cannot see him now.

Coun. Nay, but bethink you.

Thek. Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

Coun. But he will miss you, will ask after you.

Duch. What now? Why is she going?

Coun. She's not well.

Duch. [*anxiously.*] What ails then my beloved child?

[*Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavour to detain her. During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.*]

SCENE IV.—WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Wal. All quiet in the camp?

Illo. It is all quiet.

Wal. In a few hours may couriers come from
Prague

With tidings, that this capital is ours.

Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops

Assembled in this town make known the measure

And its result together. In such cases

Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost

Still leads the herd. An imitative creature

Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.

Illo. At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

Wal. I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in th' heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of truth and inward revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master, (*fear* I would not call it)
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warned,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.

Illo. And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.

Wal. Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me.
With him will I commence the trial. Go. [*ILLO exit.*]

Wal. [*turns himself round to the females.*] Lo, there
the mother with the darling daughter!
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

Coun. 'Tis long since we've been thus together,
brother.

Wal. [*to the COUNTESS aside.*] Can she sustain the
news? Is she prepared?

Coun. Not yet.

Wal. Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away from me the evil demon
That beats his black wings close above my head.

Duch. Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy
father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

Thek. My mother!

I—

Duch. Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

Thek. O my mother! I—I cannot.

Coun. How, what is that, niece?

Thek. [*to the COUNTESS.*] O spare me—sing—now
—in this sore anxiety,
Of the o'erburthened soul—to sing to *him*,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave!

Duch. How, *Thekla*? Humoursome?
What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?

Coun. Here is the lute.

Thek. My God! how can I—

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings: and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

Duch. My child! O she is ill—

Wal. What ails the maiden?
Say, is she often so?

Coun. Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

Wal. What?

Coun. She loves him!

Wal. Loves him! Whom?

Coun. Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

Duch. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

Coun. This journey,—if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou should'st have chosen
another

To have attended her.

Wal. And does he know it?

Coun. Yes, and he hopes to win her.

Wal. Hopes to win her!
Is the boy mad?

Coun. Well—hear it from themselves.

Wal. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's
daughter!

Ay?—The thought pleases me.

The young man has no grovelling spirit.

Coun. Since
Such and such constant favour you have shown him——

Wal. He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband!
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favour by?

Duch. His noble disposition and his manners—

Wal. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

Duch.

Then

His rank, his ancestors—

Wal.

Ancestors! What?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law

I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

Duch. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,

Lest we should fall too low.

Wal.

What? have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,

And jut out high above the common herd,

Only to close the mighty part I play

In life's great drama, with a common kinsman?

Have I for this—

[Stops suddenly, repressing himself.]

She is the only thing

That will remain behind of me on earth;

And I will see a crown around her head,

Or die in the attempt to place it there.

I hazard all—all! and for this alone,

To lift her into greatness—

Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—

[He recollects himself.]

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,

Couple together in good peasant fashion

The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—

And I must do it now, even now, when I

Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine

My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,

Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,

And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me

For less than a king's sceptre.

Duch.

O my husband!

You're ever building, building to the clouds,

Still building higher, and still higher building,

And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

Wal. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Have you announced the
place of residence
Which I have destined for her?

Coun. No! not yet.
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

Duch. How? Do we not return to Karn then?

Wal. No.

Duch. And to no other of your lands or seats?

Wal. You would not be secure there.

Duch. Not secure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection?

Wal. Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope *that*.

Duch. O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this?

Wal. In Holland
You'll find protection.

Duch. In a Lutheran country?
What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

Wal. Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

Duch. Duke Franz of Lauenburg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

Wal. The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

Duch. [*casting a look of terror on the DUKE and
the COUNTESS.*] Is it then true? It is. You are
degraded?

Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

Coun. [*aside to the DUKE.*] Leave her in this belief.
Thou seest she cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.—*To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.*

Coun.

—Tertsky,

What ails him? What an image of affright!

He looks as he had seen a ghost.

Ter. [*leading WALLENSTEIN aside.*] Is it thy command that all the Croats—

Wal.

Mine!

Ter. We are betrayed.

Wal.

What?

Ter.

They are off! This night

The Jägers likewise—all the villages

In the whole round are empty.

Wal.

Isolani?

Ter. Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

Wal.

I?

Ter. No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor
Deodate?

They are vanished both of them.

SCENE VI.—*To them enter ILLO.*

Illo. Has Tertsky told thee?

Ter.

He knows all.

Illo.

And likewise

That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,

Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?

Ter. Damnation!

Wal. [*winks at them.*] Hush!

Coun. [*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance, and now advances to them.*] Tertsky!

Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

Wal. [*scarcely suppressing his emotions.*] Nothing!
let us be gone!

Ter. [*following him.*] Theresa, it is nothing.

Coun. [*holding him back.*] Nothing? Do I not see,
that all the life blood

Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?

Page. [*enters.*] An Aide-de-Camp enquires for the
Count Tertsky. [*TERTSKY follows the Page.*]

Wal. Go, hear his business.

[*To ILLO.*] This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.

Who was on guard at the gates?

Illo. 'Twas Tiefenbach.

Wal. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him. [*ILLO is going.*]

Stop!

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

Illo. Him I met.

He will be here himself immediately.

Butler remains unshaken.

[*ILLO exit. WALLENSTEIN is following him.*]

Coun. Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.

Duch. [*clinging to him.*] Gracious heaven! What
is it?

Wal. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The complaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[*He is going: TERTSKY returns.*]

Ter. Remain here. From this window must we see it.

Wal. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Sister, retire!

Coun. No—never.

Wal.

'Tis my will.

Ter. [*leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing her attention to the DUCHESS.*] Theresa!

Duch. Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wal. [*stepping to the window.*] What now, then?

Ter. There are strange movements among all the troops,

And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps makes threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

Wal. Does Piccolomini appear among them?

Ter. We are seeking him: he is no where to be met with.

Wal. What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you?

Ter. My regiments had dispatched him; yet once more

They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

Wal. But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

Ter. O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.

Wal. The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

Ter. Thou didst confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

Wal. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

Ter. Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *who enters*
agitated with rage.

Illo. Treason and mutiny!

Ter. And what further now?

Illo. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

Ter. Well!

Wal. What followed ?

Illo. They refused obedience to them.

Ter. Fire on them instantly ! Give out the order.

Wal. Gently ! what cause did they assign ?

Illo. No other

They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini*.

Wal. [*in convulsion of agony.*] What ? How is that ?

Illo. He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

Ter. From th' Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke ?

Illo. At his incitement

The Generals made that stealthy flight—

Ter. Duke ! hearest thou ?

Illo. Caraffa too and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor ; but 'twas finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[*WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair and covers his face.*]

Ter. O hadst thou but believed me !

SCENE IX.—*To them enter the COUNTESS.*

Coun. This suspense,

This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.

For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.

Illo. The regiments are all falling off from us.

Ter. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

Coun. O my foreboding !

[*Rushes out of the room.*]

Ter. Hadst thou but believed me !
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

Wal. The stars lie not ; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest : this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
Wahrheit On a divine law divination rests ; *Wahrsagung*
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True, I did not suspect ! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed :
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine ;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin stroke ; thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.—*To these enter BUTLER.*

Ter. [*meeting him.*] O look there ! Butler ! Here
we've still a friend !

Wal. [*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth.*] Come to my heart, old comrade !
Not the sun

Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such a hour.

But. My General : I come—

Wal. [*leaning on BUTLER'S shoulders.*] Know'st
thou already ?

That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on *him*,
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart. [*He hides his face on BUTLER'S breast.*]

But. Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose?

Wal. Well remembered!

Courage my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmask the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one *faithful* heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart and honoured were they both,
And the young man—yes—he *did* truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counsel now besseems us.
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me. [*ILLO is going.*]

But. [*detaining him.*] My General, whom expect
you then?

Wal. The courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

But. [*hesitating.*] Hem!

Wal. And what now ?

But. You do not know it ?

Wal. Well ?

But. From what that larum in the camp arose ?

Wal. From what ?

But. That courier—

Wal. [*with eager expectation.*] Well ?

But. Is already here.

Ter. and Illo. [*at the same time.*] Already here ?

Wal. My courier ?

But. For some hours.

Wal. And I not know it ?

But. The sentinels detain him
In custody.

Illo. [*stamping with his foot.*] Damnation !

But. And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

Wal. You know what it contains ?

But. Question me not.

Ter. Illo ! alas for us.

Wal. Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

But. Yes ! Prague *is* lost. And all the several
regiments

At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,

At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,

And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew

To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsy,

And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERTSKY and ILLO *express alarm and fury.* WALLENSTEIN
remains firm and collected.]

Wal. 'Tis decided !

'Tis well ! I have received a sudden cure

From all the pangs of doubt : with steady stream

Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN; the others follow him.]

SCENE XI.—COUNTESS TERTSKY (*enters from a side Room*).

I can endure no longer. No! *[Looks around her.]*
Where are they!

No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not see! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.—COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Thek. [*endeavouring to hold back the* DUCHESS.
Dear mother, do stay here!

Duch. No! Here is yet

Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

Thek.

Nothing :

Nothing, dear mother!

Duch. [*to the COUNTESS.*] Sister, I will know.

Coun. What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;—
Courage beseems us now, a heart collected,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is——

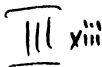
Thek. [*going to the COUNTESS.*] What? do you wish
to kill her?

Coun. The Duke is——

Thek. [*throwing her arms round her mother.*] O stand
firm! stand firm, my mother!

Coun. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has failed.

[*During these words the DUCHESS totters, and falls in a faint-
ing fit into the arms of her daughter. While THEKLA is
calling for help, the Curtain drops.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A spacious Room in the Duke of Friedland's Palace.*

Wal. [*in armour.*] Thou hast gained thy point,
Octavio! Once more am I

Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck; all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat—
and, lo!

The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,

When first his throat swells with his magic song,
 So did the warlike youth of Germany
 Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
 I feel myself the being that I was.
 It is the soul that builds itself a body,
 And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
 Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
 They are accustomed under me to conquer,
 But not against me. If the head and limbs
 Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
 Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

[ILLO and TERTSKY enter.]

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquished;
 I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsy,
 Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
 And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
 I was not stronger, when nine years ago
 I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
 To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II. — WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERTSKY aside, and talks with him.*)

Ter. What do they want?

Wal.

What now?

Ter.

Ten Cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you
 In the name of the regiment.

Wal. [*hastily to NEUMANN.*] Let them enter.

[Exit NEUMANN.]

This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still
 Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.—WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *ten Cuirassiers, (led by an Anspessade,* march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again).*

Ans. Halt! Front! Present!

Wal. [*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade.*] I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:

Thy name is Mercy.

Ans. Henry Mercy.

Wal. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

Ans. 'Twas even so, General!

Wal. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

Ans. That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this corps.

Wal. [*turning to a second.*] Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

2nd Cui. Yes, General!

Wal. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. [*A pause.*] Who sends you?

Ans. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

Wal. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

Ans. Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

Wal. Begin your address.

* Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

Ans. [*giving the word of command.*] Shoulder your arms!

Wal. [*turning to a third.*] Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

3rd Cui. Risbeck of Cologne.

Wal. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

3rd. Cui. It was not I, General!

Wal. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

3rd. Cui. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

Wal. [*to the Anspessade.*] Now then—begin.

Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us——

Wal. [*interrupting him.*] Who chose you?

Ans. Every company

Drew its own man by lot.

Wal. Now! to the business.

Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

Wal. And what did you determine?

Ans. All our comrades

At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscana, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou'rt an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story!

[*With warmth.*]

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,

For we have found thee still sincere and true:
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

Wal. Therein I recognise my Pappenheimers.

Ans. And this proposal makes thy regiment to
thee:

Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant?
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?—
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——

Wal. Hear me, children!

Ans. Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

Wal. Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honour
Above all others, suffered you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

Ans. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been

To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honoured us, and shown us grace and favour
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

Wal. Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeld
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well nigh finished the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

Ans. That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

Wal. What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

[The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.]

Ye're moved—I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General. *[Confidentially.]*
No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

Ans. 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

Wal. What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party, and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.—*To these enter BUTLER.*

But. [*passionately.*] General! This is not right!
Wal. What is not right?
But. It must needs injure us with all honest men.
Wal. But what?

But. It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.

Wal. Well, well—but what is it?

But. Count Tertsy's regiments tear the Imperial
Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it,
Have reared aloft thy arms.

Ans. [*abruptly to the Cuirassiers.*] Right about!
March!

Wal. Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who
gave it! [*To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.*]
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. [*to ILLO.*] Go after them, assure
them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[*ILLO hurries out.*]

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness:—
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.—*To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the Chamber.*
THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.

Duch. O, Albrecht!
What hast thou done?

Wal. And now comes this beside.

Coun. Forgive me, brother! It was not in my
power.
They know all.

Duch. What hast thou done ?

Coun. [to TERTSKY.] Is there no hope ? Is all lost utterly ?

Ter. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,

The soldiery have 'ta'en their oaths anew.

Coun. That lurking hypocrite, Octavio !

Count Max. is off too ?

Ter. Where can *he* be ? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

[THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.]

Duch. [enfolding her in her arms.] Unhappy child !
and more unhappy mother !

Wal. [aside to TERTSKY.] Quick ! Let a carriage
stand in readiness

In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg

Be their attendant ; he is faithful to us ;

To Eggra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[To ILLO, who returns.]

Thou hast not brought them back ?

Illo. Hear'st thou the uproar ?

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is

Drawn out : the younger Piccolomini,

Their Colonel, they require ; for they affirm,

That he is in the palace here, a prisoner ;

And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,

They will find means to free him with the sword.

[All stand amazed.]

Ter. What shall we make of this ?

Wal. Said I not so ?

O my prophetic heart ! he is still here.

He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me,

I never doubted of it.

Coun. If he be

Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
[Embracing THEKLA.

Will keep him here for ever.

Ter. It can't be.

His father has betrayed us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

Thek. [her eye fixed on the door.] There he is!

SCENE VI.—*To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.*

Max. Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[Advancing to THEKLA, who has thrown herself into her
mother's arms.

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[He observes the COUNTESS looking on THEKLA with ex-
pressions of triumph.

No, lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[Grasps her hand.

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot—
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

[THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father.

MAX. turns round to the DUKE, whom he had not till then
perceived.

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned.

Wal. Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee
go,

And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

Max. [*calmly.*] Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou
hast power.

Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.

[Taking THEKLA by the hand.

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust

Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.*

Wal. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he delivered the Commander's staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

Max. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'

* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines, which it is difficult to believe that Schiller could have written.

Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other ?

Wal.

Max., remain with me.

Go you not from me, *Max.* ! Hark ! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German winters ;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours ;
Thou wouldst not let them go.—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee ;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee ; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me ; I tended thee
Till life returned ; and when thine eyes first opened,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Altered my feelings t'wards thee ? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands ;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours ;
Thee have I *loved* : my heart, my self, I gave
To thee ! They were all aliens : THOU wert
Our child and inmate.* *Max.* ! thou canst not leave me ;
It cannot be ; I may not, will not think
That *Max.* can leave me.

Max.

O my God !

Wal.

I have

Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love,
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me ?
I love thee, *Max.* ! What did thy father for thee,

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original :—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst
Das kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. O si sic omnia !

Which I too have not done, to the height of duty ;
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor ;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold ; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee ;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

Max. O God ! how can I
Do otherwise ? Am I not forced to do it ?
My oath—my duty—honour—

Wal. How ? Thy duty ?
Duty to whom ? Who art thou ? *Max.* ! bethink
thee

What duties mayst *thou* have ? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self ? Art thou thine own commander ?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency ?
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor ;
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee !
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it ;—unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely

A A 2

Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.—*To these enter NEUMANN.*

Wal. What now?

Neu. The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count; their colonel.

Wal. [*to TERTSKY.*] Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot. [*Exit TERTSKY.*]
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[*NEUMANN exit. ILLO steps to the window.*]

Coun. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

Illo. [*at the window.*] Hell and perdition!

Wal. What is it?

Illo. They scale the council-house, the roof's
uncovered.

They level at this house the cannon——

Max. Madmen!

Illo. They are making preparations now to fire on us.

Duch. and Coun. Merciful Heaven!

Max. [*to WALLENSTEIN.*] Let me go to them!

Wal. Not a step!

Max. [*pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS.*] But
their life! Thine!

Wal. What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsy?

SCENE VIII.—*To these TERTSKY (returning).*

Ter. Message and greeting from our faithful
reg'ments.

Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.

They intreat permission to commence th' attack,
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

Illo.

O come!

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

Wal. What? shall this town become a field of
slaughter,
And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then!

[Turns to MAX.]

Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me.
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat
under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.

Coun.

Is it then,

Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin! Cousin
Have you the heart?

Max. The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty

Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.

[Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY hurry to the

Wal. What's that?

window.

Ter.

He falls.

Wal.

Falls! Who?

Illo.

Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

Wal.

Upon whom?

Illo.

On Neumann,

Your messenger.

Wal. [starting up.] Ha! Death and hell! I will—

Ter. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

Duch and Coun.

No!

For God's sake, no!

Illo.

Not yet, my general!

Coun. O, hold him! hold him!

Wal.

Leave me——

Max.

Do it not;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

Wal. Away! too long already have I loitered.

They are emboldened to these outrages,

Beholding not my face. They shall behold

My countenance, shall hear my voice——

Are they not *my* troops? Am I not their General,

And their long-feared commander! Let me see

Whether indeed they do no longer know

That countenance, which was their sun in battle!

From the balcony, (mark!) I show myself

To these rebellious forces, and at once

Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current

Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, and BUTLER follow.]

SCENE IX.—COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. and THEKLA.

Coun. [to the DUCHESS.] Let them but see him—
there is hope, still, sister.

Duch. Hope! I have none!

Max. [who during the last scene has been standing at a distance, in a visible struggle of feelings, advances.]

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither,
My purposed action seemed unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

Coun. What? you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? Oh! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

Max. Where is that voice of truth which I dare
follow?

It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
 But utter what our passionate wishes dictate :
 O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
 And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
 With a pure hand from the pure fount of Light.

[*His eyes glance on THEKLA.*]

What other angel seek I ? To this heart,
 To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
 Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
 The happy man alone, averted ever
 From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
 Still love me if I stay ? Say that thou canst,
 And I am the Duke's——

Coun.

Think, niece——

Max.

Think nothing, Thekla !

Speak what thou *feelest*.

Coun.

Think upon your father.

Max. I did not question thee as Friedland's
 daughter.

Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
 Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake ?
 Not whether diadem of royalty
 Be to be won or not—that mightst thou *think* on.
 Thy friend, and *his* soul's quiet, are at stake ;
 The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
 Who will all follow me ; shall I forswear
 My oath and duty to the Emperor ?
 Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
 The parricidal ball ? For when the ball
 Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
 It is no longer a dead instrument !
 It lives, a spirit passes into it,
 The avenging furies seize possession of it,
 And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

Thek. O ! *Max.*——

Max. [*interrupting her.*] Nay, not precipitately
either, Thekla.

I understand thee. To thy noble heart,
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
And think too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

Thek. O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling——

Coun. Oh! ill-fated woman!

Thek. Is it possible that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have
acted

Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

Max. Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

Thek. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;

But we belong not to our houses—Go !
 Quick ! quick ! and separate thy righteous cause
 From our unholy and unblessed one !
 The curse of Heaven lies upon our head :
 'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
 My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
 Mourn not for me :
 My destiny will quickly be decided.

[*MAX. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry, Vivat FERDINANDUS ! accompanied by warlike instruments. MAX. and THEKLA remain without motion in each other's embraces.*]

SCENE X.—*To these enter TERTSKY.*

Coun. [*meeting him.*] What meant that cry ? What was it ?

Ter. All is lost !

Coun. What ! they regarded not his countenance ?

Ter. 'Twas all in vain.

Duch. They shouted Vivat !

Ter. To the Emperor.

Coun. The traitors !

Ter. Nay ! he was not once permitted
 Even to address them. Soon as he began,
 With deafening noise of warlike instruments
 They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.—*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and BUTLER.*

Wal. [*as he enters.*] Tertsy !

Ter. My General ?

Wal. Let our regiments hold themselves

In readiness to march ; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening.

[Exit TERTSKY.]

Butler !

But. Yes, my General.

Wal. The Governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post-courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

But. It shall be done, my General !

Wal. [steps between MAX. and THEKLA, who have
remained in each other's arms during this time.] Part !

Max.

O God !

[Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the
back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below
some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March,
which seem to address MAX.]

Wal. [to the Cuirassiers.] Here he is, he is at
liberty : I keep him
No longer.

[He turns away, and stands so that MAX. cannot pass by him
nor approach the PRINCESS.]

Max. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to
live

Without thee ! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me ! O once more show me
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

[MAX. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled ; he turns to
the COUNTESS.]

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me ?

[The COUNTESS turns away from him ; he turns to the DUCHESS.]

My mother !

Duch. Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us

A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

Max. You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no!
Mine is a certain misery—thanks to Heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

[The military music begins again. The Stage fills more and more with armed men. MAX. sees BUTLER, and addresses him.]

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.]

Illo. Go—seek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[MAX. attempts once more to approach THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.]

Max. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish
trumpets,
And all the naked swords which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it! *[The stage is entirely filled with armed men.]*

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.

[He turns to the back-ground; there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Burgomaster's House at Egra.*—BUTLER..

But. [*just arrived.*] Here then he is, by his destiny
conducted.

Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.—BUTLER *and* GORDON.

Gor. Is it you?

How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!

But. You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier?—

Gor. Yes! and in obedience to it
Opened the strong hold to him without scruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me; when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office;
Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:
But, sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.

But. 'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have followed him as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

Gor. A traitor to the Emperor—such a noble!

Of such high talents ! What is human greatness !
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power,
Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep trod footmarks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority entrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural ;
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe
is me ;

I mourn for him ! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas ! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.

But. Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy ; for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
This must not be ! The Duke must never leave
This strong hold on free footing ; for I have
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

Gor. O that I had not lived to see this day !
From his hand I received this dignity,
He did himself entrust this strong hold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own :
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.

Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!

But. Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is securest.

Gor. And all then have deserted him, you say?
He has built up the luck of many thousands;
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from dust

[*With a side glance on BUTLER.*]

Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

But. Here's one, I see.

Gor. I have enjoyed from him
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.

But. Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on
him?

Gor. [*pauses, reflecting, then as in deep dejection.*] If
it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strong holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition;

For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period ; but I was the senior.

But. I have heard so——

Gor. 'Tis full thirty years since then
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends :
Yet even then he had a daring soul :
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years : his dreams were of great objects.
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself : yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendour
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

But. But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen
asleep ;

And rose up free from injury ? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distempered fancy.

Gor. He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy ;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder :
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him ;

B B

He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

But. No more, he comes.

SCENE III.—*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with
the BURGOMASTER OF EGRA.*

Wal. You were at one time a free town. I see,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the *half* eagle only?

Burg. We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

Wal. Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?

Burg. So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

Wal. I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?

[*The BURGOMASTER hesitates.*

Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie concealed
Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—

[*Fixes his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER alarmed.*

Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reformed in Glogan

At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster!

What is your name?

Burg. Pachhälbel, may it please you.

Wal. Hark'e!—

But let it go no further, what I now

Disclose to you in confidence.

[Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER'S shoulder, with a certain solemnity.]

The times

Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!

The high will fall, the low will be exalted.

Hark'e! But keep it to yourself! The end

Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—

A new arrangement is at hand. You saw

The three moons that appeared at once in the Heaven.

Burg. With wonder and affright!

Wal.

Whereof did two

Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,

And only one, the middle moon, remained

Steady and clear.

Burg. We applied it to the Turks.

Wal. The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two
empires

Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,

And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[Observing GORDON and BUTLER.]

I'faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard

This evening, as we journied hitherward;

'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

Gor. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the
South.

But. It seemed to come from Weiden or from
Neustadt.

Wal. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.

How strong is the garrison?

Gor. Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

Wal. Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim.

Gor. Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

Wal. Good! I commend your foresight. At the
works too

You have done somewhat?

Gor. Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhine-grave presses hard upon us, General!

Wal. You have been watchful in your Emperor's
service.

I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

[*To BUTLER.*

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[*To GORDON.*

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.—*To these enter* COUNT TERTSKY.

Ter. Joy, General, joy! I bring you welcome
tidings.

Wal. And what may they be?

Ter. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

Wal. From whence did you receive the intelligence?

Ter. A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin !
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp ;
The cannonade continued full two hours ;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel ;
Further than this he did not know.

Wal. How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt ? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward ?
It cannot be.

Ter. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.—*To these enter ILLO.*

Illo. [*to WALLENSTEIN.*] A courier, Duke ! he
wishes to speak with thee.

Ter. [*eagerly.*] Does he bring confirmation of the
victory ?

Wal. [*at the same time.*] What does he bring ?
Whence comes he ?

Illo. From the Rhine-grave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes ;
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini
Throw himself on them with the cavalry ;
A murderous fight took place ! o'erpowered by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
[*WALLENSTEIN shudders and turns pale.*]
Were left dead on the field.

Wal. [after a pause, in a low voice.] Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN is going, when LADY NEUBRUNN rushes into the room. Some SERVANTS follow her and run across the Stage.]

Neu. Help! Help!

Illo and Tertsky. [at the same time.] What now?

Neu. The Princess!

Wal. and Ter. Does she know it?

Neu. [at the same time with them.] She is dying!

[Hurries off the Stage, when WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY follow her.]

SCENE VI.—BUTLER and GORDON.

Gor. What's this?

But. She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

Gor. Unfortunate lady!

But. You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.

Gor. Too well I heard it.

But. They are twelve regiments strong, and there
are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

Gor. 'Tis even so.

But. It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

Gor. I grant it.

But. Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

Gor. It were to be feared.

But. [*after a pause.*] Know, I am warranty for the event;

With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!

Gor. Butler! what?
Do I understand you? Gracious God! *You* could—

But. He must not live.

Gor. And *you* can do the deed!

But. Either you or I. This morning was his last.

Gor. You would assassinate him!—

But. 'Tis my purpose.

Gor. Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

But. Such is his evil destiny!

Gor. Your General!
The sacred person of your General!

But. My General he *has been*.

Gor. That 'tis only
A "*has been*" washes out no villany.

And without judgment passed?

But. The execution
Is here instead of judgment.

Gor. This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

But. His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment,

And we but execute his will.

Gor. We should not
Hurry to realise a bloody sentence.

A word may be recalled, a life can never be.

But. Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.

Gor. No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.

But. And no brave man loses
His colour at a daring enterprise.

Gor. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience

But. What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The inextinguishable flame of war?

Gor. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill
him!

But. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

Gor. O, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?

But. His destiny and not the place destroys him.

Gor. Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

But. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have
perished.

Gor. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

But. [*brings out a paper.*] Here is the manifesto
which commands us

To gain possession of his person. See—

It is addressed to you as well as me.

Are you content to take the consequences,

If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

Gor. I?—Gracious God!

But. Take it on yourself.
Let come of it what may, on you I lay it.

Gor. O God in heaven!

But. Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?

Say if you can. For I desire his fall,

Not his destruction.

Gor. Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

But. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity

In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo
And Tertsy likewise, they must not survive him.

Gor. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad
 hearts

Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.

'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions

In his calm breast, and with officious villany

Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they

Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

But. And their death shall precede his!

We meant to have taken them alive this evening

Amid the merry-making of a feast,

And kept them prisoners in the citadels.

But this makes shorter work. I go this instant

To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.—*To these enter ILLO and TERTSKY.*

Ter. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

Illo. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

But. 'Twas pity though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temp'rament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

Illo. Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians. .
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

Ter. Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This
evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, *Illo*! gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.

Illo. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends. This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

Gor. Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal? wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?

But. Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

Illo. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

Ter. Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

Illo. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army ; all come crowding, streaming
To banners dedicate by destiny
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then ? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services ; but we've the nearest claims.
You will not be forgotten, Governor ! [To GORDON.
He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine
In higher station : your fidelity
Well merits it.

Gor. I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher ; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great
depth."

Illo. Here you have no more business for to-morrow ;
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertsy, it is supper-time. What think you ?
Say, shall we have the State illuminated
In honour of the Swede ? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

Ter. Nay ! Nay ! not that, it will not please the
Duke—

Illo. What ! we are masters here ; no soul shall
dare
Avow himself imperial where we've rule.
Gordon ! Good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
To make secure, the watch-word may be altered
At the stroke of ten ; deliver in the keys

To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

Ter. [*as he is going, to BUTLER.*] You come though
to the castle.

But. At the right time.

[*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

SCENE VIII.—GORDON and BUTLER.

Gor. [*looking after them.*] Unhappy men ! How free
from all foreboding !

They rush into the outspread net of murder
In the blind drunkenness of victory ;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.

But. Do as he ordered you. Send round patroles,
Take measures for the citadel's security ;
When they are within I close the castle gate,
That nothing may transpire.

Gor. [*with earnest anxiety.*] Oh ! haste not so !
Nay, stop ; first tell me——

But. You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition,
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

Gor. Ah ! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay,
Butler,

I pray you, promise me !

But. The sun has set ;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night ! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes

The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator ;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:
Still calculating, calculating still ;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous ; the whole game is lost ; and lo !
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

Gor. O think not of his errors now ; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

But. It is too late.

I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now :

[*Grasping GORDON's hand.*]

Gordon ! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

Gor. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.

Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

But. You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should
it happen,
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain
would I

Have given him to the Emperor's mercy—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or——

[*Passionately grasping GORDON's hand.*

Listen, then, and know!

I am *dishonoured* if the Duke escape us.

Gor. O to save such a man——

But. What!

Gor. It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

But. [*with a cold and haughty air.*] He is a great
Lord,

This Duke—and I am but of mean importance!
This is what you would say. Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will:
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

Gor. I am endeavouring to move a rock.

Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.

I cannot hinder you, but may some god

Rescue him from you!

[*Exit* GORDON.]

SCENE IX.—BUTLER *alone*.

I treasured my good name all my life long ;

The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,

So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon !

He prizes above all his fealty ;

His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ;

In opposition to his own soft heart

He subjugates himself to an iron duty.

Me in a weaker moment passion warped ;

I stand beside him, and must feel myself

The worst man of the two. What, though the world

Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet

One Man does know it, and can prove it too—

High-minded Piccolomini !

There lives the man who can dishonour me !

This ignominy blood alone can cleanse !

Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands

Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has
is himself.

The Curtain drops.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—BUTLER'S *Chamber*.BUTLER, MAJOR *and* GERALDIN.

But. Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them
with pikes,
For there must be no firing ;——
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry,—Who is loyal to the Emperor ?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsy, and despatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly ;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald ?——

Ger.

They'll be here anon.

[*Exit* GERALDIN.]

But. Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.—BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.

Mac. Here we are, General.

Dev. What's to be the watchword?

But. Long live the Emperor!

Both. [*recoiling.*] How?

But. Live the house of Austria!

Dev. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

Mac. Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

But. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

Dev. Why, yes! in his name you administered
Our oath.

Mac. And followed him yourself to Egra.

But. I did it the more surely to destroy him.

Dev. So then!

Mac. An altered case!

But. [*to DEVEREUX.*] Thou wretched man!
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours?

Dev. The devil!—I but followed your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

Mac. We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your
business.

You are our General, and give out the orders!

We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

But. [*appeased.*] Good, then! we know each other.

Mac. I should hope so.

Dev. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.

Mac. 'Tis e'en so!

But. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers:—

Dev. We wish no other.

But. Ay, and make your fortunes.

o o

Mac. That is still better.

But. Listen !

Both. We attend.

But. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland
Alive or dead.

Dev. It runs so in the letter.

Mac. Alive or dead—these were the very words.

But. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

Dev. Ay ? That sounds well. The words sound
always well,

That travel hither from the Court. Yes ! yes !
We know already what Court-words import.

A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

Mac. Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

But. All over
With that, my friends ! His lucky stars are set.

Mac. And is that certain ?

But. You have my word for it.

Dev. His lucky fortunes all past by ?

But. † For ever.

He is as poor as we.

Mac. As poor as we ?

Dev. Macdonald, we'll desert him.

But. We'll desert him !
Full twenty thousand have done that already ;
We must do more, my countrymen ! In short—
We—we must kill him.

Both. [*starting back.*] Kill him !

But. Yes ! must kill him !
And for that purpose have I chosen you.

Both. Us!

But. You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.

Dev. [*after a pause.*] Choose you some other.

But. What? art dastardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden?

Dev. Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—

Mac. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—

But. The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

Dev. No, no! It is too bad!

Mac. Yes, by my soul!
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

Dev. If it were not our chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty,—

But. Is that the objection?

Dev. Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our chief commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.

But. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!

Dev. 'Twill not do!

Mac. 'Twon't do.

But. Well, off, then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

Dev. [*hesitates.*] The Pestalutz—

Mac. What may you want with him?

But. If you reject it, we can find enough—

Dev. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?

Mac. Why if he *must* fall,

And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

Dev. [*after some reflection.*] When do you purpose
he should fall?

But. This night ;—
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

Dev. You take upon you all the consequences!

But. I take the whole upon me.

Dev. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?—
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

But. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—it is not possible—you see it is not.

Dev. Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come
at him?

The town is fill'd with Tertsy's soldiery.

Mac. Ay! and then Tertsy still remains, and Illo—

But. With these you shall begin—you under-
stand me?

Dev. How? And must they too perish?

But. They the first.

Mac. Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

Dev. Have you a man for that? Commission me—

But. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz, and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—

Dev. Hear, General! It will be all one to you.
Hark'e! let me exchange with Geraldin.

But. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.

Dev. Danger! The Devil! What do you think me,
General?

'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

But. What can his eye do to thee?

Dev. Death and hell!

Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!

But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me

Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat

Which I have on! and then for him to see me

Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,

That eye of his looking upon this coat—

Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!

But. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,

And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience

To run him through the body in return.

A coat that is far better and far warmer

Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.

How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt

And treason!

Dev. That is true. The devil take

Such thankers! I'll dispatch him.

But. And would'st quiet

Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply

Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed

With light heart and good spirits.

Dev. You are right.

That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—

So there's an end of it.

Mac. Yes, but there's another

Point to be thought of.

But. And what's that, Macdonald?

Mac. What avails sword or dagger against *him*?

He is not to be wounded—he is—

But. [*starting up.*] What?

Mac. Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard
frozen,

Secured, and warranted by the black art!

His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

Dev. In Inglestadt there was just such another ;
His whole skin was the same as steel ; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gun-stocks.

Mac. Hear what I'll do.

Dev. Well ?

Mac. In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum !
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

But. So do, Macdonald !
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To th' house—I will myself be not far off.

Dev. But how do we get through Hartschier and
Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber ?

But. I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poignard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.

Dev. And when we are there; by what means shall
we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court ; for he has here
A numerous company of followers ?

But. The attendants fill the right wing ; he hates
bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

Dev. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

Mac. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

But. In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

Dev. If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

But. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for
Ferdinand

His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.

Dev. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

But. Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his crown and life.

Dev. And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?

But. It were his certain destiny.

Dev. Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he
shall not
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD and
DEVEREUX through the other.*]

SCENE III.—*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the DUCHESS
FRIEDLAND'S. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The
DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLEN-
STEIN and the COUNTESS in conversation.*

Wal. How knew she it so soon?

Coun. She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the imperial army, frightened her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,

Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.

Wal. A heavy, heavy blow!
And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
[Turning to the DUCHESS.]

Is she coming to herself?

Duch. Her eyes are opening.

Coun. She lives.

Thek. [looking around her.] Where am I?

Wal. [steps to her, raising her up in his arms.]
Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

Thek. [standing up.] Where is he? Is he gone?

Duch. Who gone, my daughter?

Thek. He—the man who uttered
That word of misery.

Duch. O! think not of it,
My Thekla!

Wal. Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

Thek. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—

[She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.]
Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

Duch. No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

Thek. My father—

Wal. Dearest daughter!

Thek. I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?

Wal. Name it, my daughter.

Thek. Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

Duch. No, never!

Coun. 'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

Wal. Hush! Wherefore would'st thou speak with
him, my daughter?

Thek. Knowing the whole I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already; I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!

Coun. and Duch. Do it not.

Thek. The horror overpowered me by surprise.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

Wal. I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.]

Duch. But I, thy mother, will be present—

Thek. 'Twere
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

Wal. Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,

Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [Going.]

Coun. [detaining him.] Where art thou going?
I heard Tertsy say
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

Wal. Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

Coun. O take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

Wal. Who speaks of evil! I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

Coun. Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Yours, too. We all entreat you, take us with you.

Wal. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

Lady Neu. [returning.] The Swedish officer.

Wal. Leave her alone with him. [Exit.]

Duch. [to THEKLA, who starts and shivers.] There—
pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible

That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

Thek. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and COUNTESS.*]

SCENE IV.—THEKLA, *the Swedish Captain*, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Cap. [*respectfully approaching her.*] Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—

My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

Thek. [*with dignity.*] You did behold me in my agony.

A most distressful accident occasioned
You, from a stranger, to become at once
My confidant.

Cap. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

Thek. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.

The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.

Cap. Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.

Thek. I am firm.—
I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

Cap. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Entrenched but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leaped the trenches! but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—

The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader.

[THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The Officer pauses
till she makes a sign to him to proceed.

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them ;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat ;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
Inviting a surrender ; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini—— [THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches ;
Himself leaped first, the regiment all plunged after,
His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,——

[THEKLA, who has accompanied the last speech with all the
marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole
frame, and is falling. The LADY NEUBRUNN runs to
her, and receives her in her arms.

Neu. My dearest lady——

Cap. I retire.

Thek. 'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

Cap. While despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish ; every thought of rescue
Was spurned ; they fought like wounded tigers ; their
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery ;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finished before their last man fell.

Thek. [*faltering.*] And where——
Where is—You have not told me all.

Cap. [*after a pause.*] This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.

Neu. [*to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance.*]
Look up, my dearest lady——

Thek. Where is his grave?

Cap. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

Thek. What is the cloister's name?

Cap. Saint Catharine's.

Thek. And how far is it thither?

Cap. Near twelve leagues.

Thek. And which the way?

Cap. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg through our advanced posts.

Thek. Who
Is their commander?

Cap. Colonel Seckendorf.

[*THEKLA steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*]

Thek. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*Giving him the ring.*]
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

Cap. Princess——

[THEKLA silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.]

SCENE V.—THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Thek. [falls on LADY NEUBRUNN's neck.] Now,
gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

Neu. Away! and whither?

Thek. Whither! There is but one place in the
world.

Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

Neu. What would you do there?

Thek. What do there?
That would'st thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er
loved.

There, there is all that still remains of him.

That single spot is the whole earth to me,

Neu. That place of death——

Thek. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

Neu. Your father's rage——

Thek. That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.

Neu. The sentence of the world! the tongue of
calumny!

Thek. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

Neu. And we alone, two helpless feeble women ?

Thek. We will take weapons : my arms shall protect thee.

Neu. In the dark night-time.

Thek. Darkness will conceal us.

Neu. This rough tempestuous night——

Thek. Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses ?

Neu. Heaven !

And then the many posts of the enemy !—

Thek. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

Neu. The journey's weary length—

Thek. The pilgrim travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

Neu. How can we pass the gates ?

Thek. Gold opens them.

Go, do but go.

Neu. Should we be recognised—

Thek. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

Neu. And where procure we horses for our flight ?

Thek. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

Neu. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord ?

Thek. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

Neu. Dear lady ! and your mother ?

Thek. Oh ! my mother !

Neu. So much as she has suffered too already ;
Your tender mother—Ah ! how ill prepared
For this last anguish !

Thek. Woe is me ! my mother ! [*Pauses.*
Go instantly.

Neu. But think what you are doing !

Thek. What *can* be thought, already has been
thought.

Neu. And being there, what purpose you to do ?

Thek. There a divinity will prompt my soul.

Neu. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted !

And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

Thek. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.

It draws me on, I know not what to name it,

Resistless does it draw me to his grave.

There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.

O hasten, make no further questioning !

There is no rest for me till I have left

These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power

Drives me from hence—Oh mercy ! What a feeling !

What pale and hollow forms are those ! They fill,

They crowd the place ! I have no longer room here !

Mercy ! Still more ! More still ! The hideous swarm !

They press on me ; they chase me from these walls—

Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men !

Neu. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer

I dare stay here myself. I go and call

Rosenberg instantly.

[*Exit* LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE VI.

Thek. His spirit 'tis that calls me : 'tis the troop

Of his true followers, who offered up

Themselves t'avenge his death : and they accuse
me

Of an ignoble loitering—they would not

Forsake their leader even in his death—they died
for him !

And shall *I* live ?——

For me too was that laurel-garland twined

That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket :

I throw it from me. O ! my only hope ;—

To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [Exit THEKLA.

The Curtain drops.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground. WALLENSTEIN sitting at a table. The Swedish Captain standing before him.*

Wal. Commend me to your lord. I sympathise
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.

[*The Swedish Captain retires. WALLENSTEIN sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*

Wal. Com'st thou from her? Is she restored?
How is she?

Coun. My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wal. The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

Coun. I find thee altered too,

D D

My brother ! After such a victory
 I had expected to have found in thee
 A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm !
 Sustain, uphold us ! For our light thou art,
 Our sun.

Wal. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
 Thy husband ?

Coun. At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wal. [*rises, and strides across the room.*] The night's
 far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

Coun. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee !

Wal. [*moves to the window.*] There is a busy motion
 in the heaven,

The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
 Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle * of the moon,
 Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.

No form of star is visible ! That one

White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
 Is from Cassiopeia, and therein

Is Jupiter. [*A pause.*] But now

The blackness of the troubled element hides him !

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into
 the distance.*]

* These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity,

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,
 Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
 Der Wolken Zug, die Mondes-sichel wankt,
 Und durch die Nacht zucht ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle" reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full; but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—the draft, the procession of clouds.—The masses of the clouds sweep onward in swift stream.

Coun. [*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand.*] What art thou brooding on?

Wal. Methinks,
If but I saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Coun. Thou'lt see him again.

Wal. [*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the COUNTESS.*] See him again? O never, never again.

Coun. How?

Wal. He is gone—is dust.

Coun. Whom meanest thou then?

Wal. He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him*! but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!

Coun. Thou speak'st
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[*WALLENSTEIN by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*]

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,

D D 2

For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

Wal. I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm
conscious :

What does not man grieve down ? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself ; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O ! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.

Coun. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

Wal. [*stepping to the door.*] Who interrupts us now
at this late hour ?

It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister !

Coun. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me !

Wal. Fear ! Wherefore ?

Coun. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at
waking
Never more find thee !

Wal. Fancies !

Coun. O my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark fore-
bodings.

And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.

I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

Wal. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

Coun. To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo !
It was no more a chamber ;—the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interred.

Wal. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

Coun. What dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us ?

Wal. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call *them*

Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravallac armed himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him : the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air : like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival ;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

Coun. And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing ?

Wal. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.
Coun. And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seemed no end of it : doors creaked and clapped :
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee ;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped
me—
'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelope us.
Wal. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.
Coun. [*gazing on him.*] If it should come to that—
if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life— [*She falls on his breast and weeps.*
Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon
thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.
Coun. If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.
[*Exit COUNTESS.*

SCENE II.—WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

Wal. All quiet in the town ?
Gor. The town is quiet.
Wal. I hear a boisterous music ! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers ?
Gor. There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsy, and Field Marshal Illo.
Wal. In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.
[*Rings.* *The Groom of the Chamber enters.*

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.

So we are guarded from all enemies,

And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[Fixing his eye on GORDON.

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.

Wal.

Take care—what is that?

Groom of the Chamber. The golden chain is snapped
in two.

Wal. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[He takes and looks at the chain.

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.

He hung it round me in the war of Friule,

He being then Archduke; and I have worn it

Till now from habit——

From superstition if you will. Belike,

It was to be a talisman to me,

And while I wore it on my neck in faith,

It was to chain to me all my life long,

The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.

Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune

Must spring up for me! for the potency

Of this charm is dissolved.

[Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments. WALLENSTEIN rises, takes a stride across the Room, and stands at last before GORDON in a posture of meditation.

How the old time returns upon me! I

Behold myself once more at Burgau, where

We two were pages of the Court together.

We oftentimes disputed: thy intention

Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play

The moralist and preacher, and would'st rail at me—

That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.

Gor. My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

Wal. Art thou already
In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not. •
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvass swelling proudly,
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front, almost
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[He moves with long strides across the Saloon, and remains on the opposite side over against GORDON.]

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True in this present moment I appear
Fall'n low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;

The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
“Let the night come before we praise the day.”
I would be slow from long continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men;
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

Wal. [smiling.] I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offered
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities:
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.]

I too have sacrificed to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

SCENE III.—*To these enter SENI.*

Wal. Is not that Seni? and beside himself,
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?

Seni. Terror, Duke !
On thy account.

Wal. What now ?

Seni. Flee ere the day-break !
Trust not thy person to the Swedes !

Wal. What now
Is in thy thoughts ?

Seni. [*with louder voice.*] Trust not thy person to
these Swedes.

Wal. What is it then ?

Seni. [*still more urgently.*] O wait not the arrival of
these Swedes !

An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror !
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee !

Wal. Baptista, thou art dreaming !—Fear befools
thee.

Seni. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects ;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends !

Wal. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before ! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

Seni. Come and see ! trust thine own eyes !
A fearful sign stands in the house of life
An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned !
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.

Wal. [*laughing gently.*] The oracle rails that way !
Yes, yes ! Now

I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

Gor. [*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to* WALLENSTEIN.] My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

Wal. Speak freely.

Gor. What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ.

Wal. You're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

Gor. [*with difficulty suppressing his emotion.*] But
what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?

[*Flings himself at his feet.*]

There is yet time, my Prince.

Seni. O hear him! hear him!

Gor. [*rises.*] The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give
but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will beseige us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspired by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amends
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor

Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

Wal. [contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion.] Gordon—
your zeal and fervour lead you far.

Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend would fall for me,
My first death-offering: and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course.

[Stepping to the window.]

All dark and silent—at the castle too
All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain!

[The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the DUKE's feet.]

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconciliation with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants. Well! To no one I employ

Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two were great. May't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. SENI follows, GORDON remains on the darkened Stage following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*]

SCENE IV.—GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

But. [*not yet come into view of the stage.*] Here
stand in silence till I give the signal.

Gor. [*starts up.*] 'Tis he, he has already brought
the murderers.

But. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

Gor. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

But. [*appears, but scarcely on the stage.*] A light
gleams hither from the corridor.

It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

Gor. But then I break my oath to the Emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?

But. [*stepping forward.*] Hark! Who speaks there?

Gor. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;

But all his rescue were *my* act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
 I must sustain them.

But. [*advances.*] I should know that voice.

Gor. Butler!

But. 'Tis Gordon. What do *you* want here?
 Was it so late then when the Duke dismissed you?

Gor. Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

But. 'Tis wounded.
 That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
 At last we threw him on the ground.

Gor. [*shuddering.*] Both dead?

But. Is he in bed?

Gor. Ah, Butler!

But. Is he? speak.

Gor. He shall *not* perish! not through you! The
 Heaven

Refuses *your* arm. See—'tis wounded!—

But. There is no need of *my* arm.

Gor. The most guilty
 Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

[*The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gallery with
 his finger on his mouth commanding silence.*]

He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

But. No! he shall die awake. [*is going.*]

Gor. His heart still cleaves
 To earthly things: he's not prepared to step
 Into the presence of his God!

But. [*going.*] God's merciful!

Gor. [*holds him.*] Grant him but this night's respite.

But. [*hurrying off.*] The next moment
 May ruin all.

Gor. [*holds him still.*] One hour!—

But. Unhold me! What
 Can that short respite profit him?

Gor.

O—Time

Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come: some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve!

But.

You but remind me,

How precious every minute is! [*He stamps on the floor.*]

SCENE V.—*To these enter MACDONALD and DEVEREUX, with
the Halberdiers.*

Gor. [*throwing himself between him and them.*] No,
monster!

First over my dead body thou shalt tread.

I will not live to see the accursed deed!

But. [*forcing him out of the way.*] Weak-hearted
dotard! [*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*]

Dev. and Mac. Hark! the Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

Gor. [*rushes out.*] O God of Mercy!

But. [*calling after him.*] Governor, to your post!

Groom of the Chamber. [*hurries in.*] Who dares make
larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.

Dev. [*with loud harsh voice.*] Friend, it is time now
to make larum.

Groom of the Chamber. Help!

Murder!

But. Down with him!

Groom of the Chamber. [*run through the body by
DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the gallery.*] Jesus
Maria!

But. Burst the doors open !

[They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.]

SCENE VI.—COUNTESS TERTSKY (*with a light.*)

Her bed-chamber is empty ; she herself
Is no where to be found ! The Neubrunn too,
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown—But whither flown ? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings ? O
If that my husband now were but returned
Home from the banquet : Hark ! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake ! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here ! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark ! What is that ?
'Tis hastening up the steps !

SCENE VII.—COUNTESS, GORDON.

Gor. [*rushes in out of breath.*] 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—
Butler ! O God ! Where is he ?

[Then observing the COUNTESS.]

Countess ! Say——

Coun. You are come then from the castle ? Where's
my husband ?

Gor. [*in an agony of affright.*] Your husband !—Ask
not !—To the Duke——

Coun. Not till

You have discovered to me——

Gor. On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake ! to the Duke.

While we are speaking—— *[Calling loudly.*

Butler! Butler! God!

Coun. Why, he is at the castle with my husband,

[BUTLER comes from the gallery.

Gor. 'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed,

But.

He comes

Too late. *[GORDON dashes himself against the wall.*

Gor. O God of mercy!

Coun. What, too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio

In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?

[She rushes to the gallery.

SCENE VIII.—*Servants run across the Stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.*

Seni. *[from the gallery.]* O bloody frightful deed!

Coun. What is it, Seni?

Page. *[from the gallery.]* O piteous sight!

[Other Servants hasten in with torches.

Coun. What is it? For God's sake!

Seni. And do you ask?

Within the Duke lies murdered—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle.

[The COUNTESS stands motionless.

Female Servant. *[rushing across the Stage.]* Help!

Help! the Duchess!

Burgomaster. *[enters.]* What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

Gor. Your house is cursed to all eternity.

In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!

Bur. *[rushing out.]*

Heaven forbid!

■ ■

1st Ser. Fly! fly! they murder us all!

2nd Ser. [*carrying silver plate.*] That way! The lower Passages are blocked up.

Voice from behind the Scene. Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

[*At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*]

Voice from behind the Scene. Keep back the people! Guard the door.

SCENE IX.—*To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

Oct. [*entering abruptly.*] It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[*GORDON, without answering, points with his hand to the back of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over the back of the Stage. OCTAVIO looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*]

Dev. [*to BUTLER.*] Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

Mac. Is it your order—

But. [*pointing to OCTAVIO.*] Here stands he who now Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[*DEVEREUX and MACDONALD retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain on the Stage.*]

Oct. [*turning to BUTLER.*] Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?

O God of Justice

To thee I lift my hand ! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

But. Your *hand* is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.

Oct. Merciless man !
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination !

But. [*calmly.*] I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own
sentence.

Oct. O curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch ? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy ? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable !

But. For what
Rail you against me ? What is my offence ?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference 'twixt you and me
Is this : you placed the arrow in the bow,
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet
stand

Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order ?—for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna ; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying

And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge.

[*Exit BUTLER.*]

SCENE X.—*To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

Oct. [*meeting her.*] O Countess Tertsy! These are
the results

Of luckless unblest deeds.

Coun. They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.
This house of splendour and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

Oct. [*with deep anguish.*] O Countess! my house too
is desolate.

Coun. Who next is to be murdered? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

Oct. Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of mal-
treatment!

The Emp'ror is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,

Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace!

Coun. [*with her eye raised to heaven.*] To the grace
and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

Oct. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

Coun. [*re-assembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity.*] You think
More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.

Oct. Help! Help! Support her!

Coun. Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

Gor. O house of death and horrors!

[*An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.*

Gor. [*steps forward and meets him.*] What is this ?
It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO *with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven,*

The curtain drops.

NOTES TO THE TRANSLATION,

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST EDITION.

Page 289, line 2.

This age and after-ages speak my name.

COULD I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after-world for posterity,—“Es spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Namen” might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-world speak out my name, &c.

Page 290, line 12.

Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.

I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line—

“werth

Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen.”

(This is omitted in the German as it now stands.—D. C.)

Page 353, line 5.

I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation:—

Weh denen die auf dich vertraun, an dich
Die sich're Hütte ihres Glückes lehn,
Gelockt von deiner gastlichen Gestalt!
Schnell, unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile

Gährt's in dem tück'schen Feuerschlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie du's
Beschreibst so ists in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchler-Brust gestaltet.
O mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht. Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verstecktesten der Geister,
Den lügekundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn ! Ich zog
Den Basiliken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas ! for those who place their confidence on thee, against
thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hos-
pitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as
night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire ; it
discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the planta-
tions of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art pourtraying thy father's heart. As thou describest,
even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's
breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me ! The abyss sent up
to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies,
and placed him as a friend at my side. Who may withstand

the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glut-full at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, &c.

We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller.

The following notes are from the pen of the late lamented Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, the editor's sister, who was engaged in an examination of the translation of *Wallenstein* with a view to this edition, which she did not live to complete:—

NOTE I.

About a year and a half ago, a writer in "The Westminster Review" undertook to prove that the world had been mistaken all those years—from 1800 to 1850, that is, half a century—in imagining that it had obtained from the pen of Coleridge a translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, creditable to English literature, both from its poetical merit, and its general fidelity to the spirit of the original work. On the contrary, this critic, who signs himself G. H. E., endeavours to show that "it would have been better for the poet, for the reader, and for the credit of the translator, had Mr. C. refrained from meddling with the work, or confined himself to the task of a faithful interpretation."

In pursuance of this enterprise, he brings forward a certain number of unquestionable errors in the sense of the German; errors, doubtless, well known from the first to students of Schiller, and admirers of Coleridge, (that the report of them reached the German author himself, together with the first news that his noble play had been done into English, we are credibly informed by one who had a personal acquaintance with him), and which have not been hitherto generally supposed to prevent

Mr. Coleridge's version from being, on the whole, a highly meritorious performance. Of these errors we shall proceed to lay a list before the reader; premising, however, that the greater number of the substitutions to be found in Mr. C.'s pages are not, as G. H. E. pronounces them, mere imbecility and verbiage, but contain a sufficiently pertinent meaning, and make up, in a homelier liveliness, what they lack of Schiller's sedate dignity—that of some others the worst that can be said is, that the meaning is strained and far-sought; and that there are but a few instances in which, it must be confessed, the translator has trespassed against good sense, as well as forgotten the German language:—

“Brimful of poetry, o'er the briny ocean, home
 Soon he fell a nodding—at our house at home.
 Nid nid nodding—at our house at home.”

NOTE 2.

We now proceed to give a list of verbal errors in Mr. Coleridge's version: the translation has remained entirely unaltered from the first edition to the last.

West. Review, July, 1850. Art. 3.

Page 353: “Der Posten,” rendered “travelling-bills,” instead of an “item” or “article in an account.”

PICO., SCH., COL.—*Act i. Scene 2.*

Page 353: “Geschmeidig” “pliant,” mistaken for “geschmiedet,” “hammered out.”

PICO., SCH., COL.—*Act i. Scene 4.*

Pages 356-7: “Jagdzug,” rendered “hunting-dress,” instead of “hunting-stud.”

PICO., SCH., COL.—*Act i. Scene 9.*

Page 358: “Das holde kind!” translated “The voice of my child!” a bold substitution for “The charming child.”

PICO., SCH., COL.—*Act i. Scene 8.*

Page 360: "Was denn?" "What *then*?" instead of "What?"

Picc., SCH., COL.—*Act ii. Scene 7.*

Page 361: "Ist unser Glaub' um Kanzel und Altar," rendered "Our faith hangs upon the pulpit and altar," instead of "is without pulpit and altar."

Picc., SCH., COL.—*Act ii. Scene 12.*

Page 362: "Losung," "watchword," mistaken for "Erlösung," "redemption."

SCH., WALL., COL.—*Act iv. Scene 7.*

Page 365: "Verstecktesten" "most secret," mistaken for "beflecktesten," "most spotted."

NOTES, p. 424.

THE END.

